

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## AN EASTER IDYL.

A STRETCH of dull brown grass, with snow in patches,  
Tall trees whose branches wave above the pond,  
A faint upcurling smoke from cottage thatches,

A still, soft sky beyond,

And a dim glow on the bare lilac hedges  
A sense, a sound precursory of the spring,  
A fancied greenness by the footpath's edges,  
A robin's twittering,

And the young earth, in hopeful introspection,  
Poised in her gloomy prison of the north,  
Waiting the full command of resurrection,  
Awake, and stand thou forth!

O earth-bound soul, hast thou no glad evangel,  
No answering hymn to greet this new-born day?

Art thou so sepulchred that no bright angel  
Can roll thy stone away?

Comes no assuring voice whose blest endearments,  
Can cleave the dark of thy sarcophagus?  
Why stand, uncertain, in thy worn-out ceremonies,  
A grave-clothed Lazarus?

Stand forth—look up—see, from the heavenly meadows  
What crown of joy awaits thy bended head!  
Seek not a risen hope among the shadows,  
The living mid the dead!

A newer life o'er the brown grass seems waking,  
The redbreast chirps and twitters on the thorn,  
And the freed soul, forth from its prison breaking,  
Soars to the Easter morn.

For He, whose "Hail!" with joyful recognition  
Blest the sad women weeping where he lay,  
With dear assurance of as full fruition,  
Hath met it in the way.

A. B.

## IRISH SONG.

[AIR: "OH! WOMAN OF THE HOUSE."]

BEFORE the first ray of blushing day,  
Who should come but Kitty Chan,  
With her cheek like the rose on a bed of snows,  
And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan,—  
I looked and looked, till my heart was gone.

With the foot of the fawn she crossed the lawn,  
Half confiding, and half in fear;  
And her eyes of blue, they thrilled me through,  
One blessed minute, then like the deer  
Away she darted, and left me here.

Oh! sun, you are late at your golden gate,  
For you've nothing to show beneath the sky  
To compare to the lass who crossed the grass  
Of the shamrock field ere the dew was dry,—  
And the glance that she gave me as she went by.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."  
Spectator.

## MORTALITY.

[FROM THE "SPECTATOR," FEBRUARY 1.]

How do the roses die?  
Do their leaves fall together,  
Thrown down and scattered by the sky  
Of angry weather?  
No,—the sad thunder-stroke  
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;  
The storm that tramples on the oak  
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,  
No wrath hath done them wrong,  
When with sad secrecy they leave  
The branch to which they clung.  
They yield them, one by one,  
To the light breeze and shower,  
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,  
Time and the hour.

J. S. D.

## [TRANSLATION.]

NOSTINE fato quo pereant rosæ?  
Omnisne eadem copia frondium  
Dejecta vastatur ruina, et  
Sideribus spoliata iniquis?

At fulminantis dira manus Jovis  
Pæsti jacentis devia præterit,  
Quercumque qui prosternit Eurus,  
Flos, tibi deposuit furores.

Non terret illas ira minantium,  
Non insolenti vis rapuit manu,  
Cum stirpe natali relicta  
Cæca trahunt sua quamque fata.

At defatigat sors sua singulas,  
Seu carpat imber, seu Zephyrus levis,  
Sol acer, umbrosæve frigus,  
Ros tener, hora, diesve longa.

March 1.

H. M.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE PROGRESS OF GREECE.

"A STRUGGLE, equal in duration to the war which Homer sung, and in individual valor not perhaps inferior, has at last drawn to a glorious close; and Greece, though her future destiny be as yet obscure, has emerged from the trial regenerate and free. Like the star of Merope, all sad and lustreless, her darkness has at length disappeared, and her European sisters haste to greet the returning brightness of the beautiful and long-lost Pleiad." These are the closing words of a book which, since the appearance of Finlay's work, has probably had few English readers, Emerson's "History of Modern Greece;" when they were written in 1830 Capodistria was still president of the new State, and three years were yet to pass before King Otho should arrive at Nauplia. During the half century which has nearly elapsed since then, "the European sisters" have not always been so gracious to "the long-lost Pleiad;" indeed they have sometimes been on the verge of hinting that the constellation which they adorn would have been nearly as brilliant without her. But at least there can no longer be any excuse for alleging that Greece has been a failure without examining the facts. Her record is before the world. The necessary statistics are easy of access to any one who may desire to form an independent judgment. The last few years have been especially fertile in works replete with information on the political, social, and economic condition of the country. Amongst these may be mentioned the work of M. Moraitinis, "*La Grèce telle qu'elle est*;" the work of M. Mansolas, "*La Grèce à l'Exposition Universelle de Paris en 1878*;" the essay of M. Tombasis, "*La Grèce sous le point de vue agricole*;" and an interesting little book, full of information and of acute criticism, by Mr. Tuckerman, formerly minister of the United States at Athens, "The Greeks of To-day." It is often instructive to compare Mr. Tuckerman's observations with those made more than twenty years ago by his countryman, Mr. H. M. Baird, who, after residing for a year at Athens and travelling both in northern Greece and in the Morea, embodied the results in his

"Modern Greece." Lastly, Mr. Lewis Sergeant, in his "New Greece," has essayed a double task — to show statistically how far Greece has advanced, and to show historically why it has advanced no further. Detailed criticism would be out of place here. Mr. Sergeant's book cannot fail to be useful in making the broad facts concerning Greece better known to the British public. It is the only compendium of recent information on Greece which exists in English; and we welcome it accordingly.

In the following pages only a few of the salient points in the condition of modern Greece can be noticed. The facts and views presented here are derived both from study and from personal observation. They are offered merely in the hope that some readers may be induced to seek fuller sources of knowledge regarding a people who, by general consent, are destined to play a part of increasing importance in the East.

The prosperity of Greece must always depend mainly on agriculture. No question is more vital for Greece at this moment than that of recognizing the causes which have checked progress in this direction, and doing what can be done to remove them. It was with agriculture as with every other form of national effort in the newly established kingdom: it had to begin almost at the beginning. The Turks had left the land a wilderness. The Egyptian troops in the Peloponnesus, after burning the olives and other inflammable trees, had cut down those which, like the fig-trees, could less easily be destroyed by fire. There was scarcely a family in the country which had not lost some of its members. The Greek peasantry was too poor and too wretched to aim at more than a bare subsistence by the rudest methods of husbandry. It should never be forgotten in estimating what Greece has done in this department, as in others during the last forty years, that in the earlier part of this period progress was necessarily very slow. The first workers had to construct everything for themselves, or even to undo the work of the past before they could get a clear start. Hence, when the rate of recent progress is found to have been

rapid, the favorable inference is strengthened. Including both the Ionian and the Ægean islands, the kingdom of Greece contains about fourteen millions and a half of acres. Nearly one-half of this total area is occupied by forests, marshes, or rocky tracts, and is not at present susceptible of cultivation. An inquirer who asks what proportion of the total area is actually under cultivation is surprised at first sight by the discrepancy of the different answers. Thus, to take two extremes, M. Mansolas says "nearly one third," Mr. Tuckerman says "one seventh," though it must be remembered that Mr. Tuckerman is writing some six years earlier than M. Mansolas. The chief source of such discrepancies is that the higher estimates include the fallows, while the lower exclude them. M. Tombasis, who has written specially on Greek agriculture, is probably a safe authority on this point. According to him, one-fourth of the total area is under cultivation; but of this nearly one-half is always fallow. Hence not much more than one-seventh of the total area is productive at any given time. One-fourth, therefore, of the territory which might be cultivated is not under cultivation at all. But it is satisfactory to learn from M. Mansolas that some five hundred thousand acres have been brought under cultivation within the last fifteen years. The population of the kingdom is about a million and a half. It is computed that from one-third to one-fourth of this population is engaged in agricultural or pastoral pursuits. The increase since 1830 has been large in all the staple agricultural products, and in some it has been remarkable. The cultivation of olives has increased about threefold since 1830; of figs, sixfold; of currants, fifteen-fold; of vines, twenty-eight-fold. The progress of the currant trade has been tolerably steady since 1858. M. Moraitinis puts the area occupied by currant-vines at nearly forty thousand acres; M. Mansolas, at even a higher figure. The average yearly production of currants, before the Greek War of Independence, was about ten million pounds' weight. It has lately risen to upwards of a hundred and fifty million pounds' weight. The produce from arable land is stated to

have increased fifty per cent. in the last fifteen years.

Creditable progress has been made, then, by Greece in all the chief branches of her agriculture; in some branches, even great progress. And yet competent observers are generally agreed that Greek agriculture is still very far from doing justice to the natural resources of the country. The causes of this defect deserve the earnest attention of all who wish to see the prosperity of Greece set on a firm basis. Mr. Sergeant touches on every one of the separate causes; but he does not present them, perhaps, quite in the connection or in the proportions best fitted to make the general state of the matter clear. Want of capital is unquestionably the great want of all for Greek agriculture. But, if abundant capital were forthcoming to-morrow, it would still have to contend with a special set of difficulties created by the want of capital at the critical moment nearly fifty years ago. After the War of Independence the Greek lands which the Turks had left—on receiving a large compensation at the instance of the powers—became the property of the Greek State. Few wealthy purchasers were found. Part of the land was granted by the government in small lots to peasant holders, subject to taxes on the produce. A great part was left on the hands of the government and remained unproductive. The system of small holdings, the *petite culture*, has lasted to this day,—the partition of land being especially minute in the mountainous districts and in the Ægean islands. This system has been a constant bar to the introduction of scientific farming. The average agriculturist has been too poor and too ignorant to attempt it. The mode of taxation—a modification of the old *rayah* system—is such that, as Mr. Tuckerman says, "the husbandman suffers delay in bringing his crop to market, loses by depreciation while awaiting the tax-gatherer's arrival, and finally in the tax to which it is subjected." The importance of encouraging better methods of farming has been recognized from the earliest days of Greece. Capodistria, when president of the republic, founded in 1831 an agricultural school at Tirynth. This



was, on the whole, a failure, and was closed in 1865. "It was replaced," Mr. Sergeant says, "by a more technical school, which seems to have had no better fortune than its predecessor." M. Mansolas, however, gives a somewhat more encouraging account of the new institution, and it may be hoped that it will yet do good work. But the case of Greece is widely different from that of a country in which the land is occupied chiefly by an educated class of large or considerable land-holders. In Greece each several holder of one or two acres has to be converted to scientific farming before agricultural reform can make way. And the natural conservatism of an agricultural population is intensified by the fact that in these matters every man has hitherto been his own master, with no obligation beyond the payment of his taxes to the State. It is not even the ambition of the peasant farmer to get as much out of the land as he can. The difficulties of communication limit his market, and he is usually content if he can satisfy the wants of his household, with perhaps a narrow margin of profit. Tradition and the influence of climate combine to make these wants few and simple, and so to restrict the amount of energy employed. In Greece, as elsewhere, it is in one sense a misfortune that the peasantry are contented with so little. Again, the population of Greece is thin—excluding the Ionian Islands, it has been computed at fifty-eight to the square mile—and the system of small holdings increases the dearth of agricultural labor. The destruction of the forests in Greece has been due mainly to the long unrestrained recklessness of the peasants and to the depredations of the wandering shepherds with their flocks of goats. The destruction of the forests has in turn injured the climate and helped to dry up the rivers. The Greek government has not been insensible to these evils, but it has had to contend against deeply-rooted prejudices and traditions—those, namely, which were engendered by Turkish rule. Good results may be anticipated from a law lately passed, which permits the tax-paying tenant of public land to buy it from the State, and to pay the purchase-money by instalments

spread over eighteen years. This should tend to bring in a better class of agriculturists, and also by degrees to enlarge the cultivated area.

The want of roads in Greece has been an obstacle to agricultural industry, as to enterprise of every kind. Seaboard towns sometimes import their wheat, when there is an ample supply at a distance perhaps of a day's journey inland, simply because the transport by mules or horses would be too expensive. Mr. Tuckerman computes that there are about two hundred miles of "good highway" in Greece proper: and if by "good" is meant "thoroughly practicable for carriages," this is perhaps not far from the mark.\* The fact is that there has been no great demand for roads on the part of the unambitious agricultural class, and the country, with its already heavy burdens, has felt no sufficiently strong incentive to proceed vigorously with a work of such heavy cost. Road-making is expensive in a country so full of rocky tracts and intersected by frequent chains of hills: the average cost for Greece has been estimated at about 600*l.* a mile. The pressure which must ultimately compel Greece to complete her road-system will come, not from the agriculturists, but from commerce. Already the exigencies of the currant-trade and the silk-trade are beginning to open up the Morea. Last summer, in going from Laconia into Messenia, I came on the still unfinished road which is being made from Kalamata to Tripolitza, and followed it for some way. A few more such first-rate highways would be the greatest of boons to the country. There is still no continuous road between Kalamata and Patras; there is nothing worthy to be called a road between Tripolitza and Sparta. The poet tells us that, when Apollo passed from Delos to Delphi,

The children of Hephæstus were his guides,  
Clearing the tangled path before the god,  
Making a wild land smooth;

and every modern tourist will echo the wish that the rising Polytechnic School of

\* Mr. Sergeant states, on official authority, that "the roads of the mainland have an aggregate length of 889,933 kilometres." Read 889 *kilomètres*, 933 *mètres*: i.e. about 550 miles.

Athens may produce some more "road-making sons of Hephæstus." But it would be a mistake to infer, from the deficiency of roads which is still felt, that Greece has been inactive in public works. Some dozen harbors have been constructed or restored, lighthouses have been erected at all the dangerous points in the Greek seas, drainage works have been executed in several places, eleven new cities have arisen on ancient sites, more than forty towns and more than six hundred villages have been rebuilt since the war.

The manufacturing industries of Greece have made rapid progress within the last few years. According to M. Moraitinis, the Peiræus\* did not contain a single steam manufactory in 1868. It has now more than thirty such establishments; and the kingdom contains in all no less than one hundred and twelve steam factories. Most of these have been established within the last ten years. There are, besides, about seven hundred factories which do not use steam. The number of artisans employed is about twenty-five thousand, and the annual products represent a value of about six millions sterling. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 Greece was represented by thirty-six exhibitors. At Paris last year it was represented, according to the list of M. Mansolas, by five hundred and thirty-three. He notes the progress of cotton-spinning, which since 1870 has diminished the importation of that article by nearly two-thirds. The export of Greek wines has also increased very largely. The first building that the traveller sees as he enters modern Sparta is a silk manufactory, and the large mulberry plantations in the valley of the Eurotas attest the growing importance of this industry. Though government patronage has never been wanting, the rapid progress of recent years has been due, M. Mansolas thinks, chiefly to private enterprise and to the power of association. This power is gradually overcoming the obstacles long presented by a thin population, by the want of capital, by the absence of machinery, and by the slender demand for luxuries. It is a good sign that, whereas in 1845 Greece was importing twice the value of her exports, the ratio of imports to exports has lately been less than three to two. Forty-seven years ago Lord Palmer-

ston predicted a bright future for Greek commerce, and already the prediction has been in some measure fulfilled. Next to agriculture, the mainstay of Greece is her merchant marine trading with Turkey and the ports of the Levant. In 1821 Greece had only about four hundred and fifty vessels; the number in 1874 was fifty-two hundred and two, representing an aggregate burden of two hundred and fifty thousand and seventy-seven tons; and the merchant marine of Greece ranks, in the scale of importance as the seventh of the world.

The question of national education has from the first days of recovered freedom engaged the most earnest attention of the Greek people. Education is for the Greeks of to-day, not merely what it is for every civilized nation, the necessary basis of all worthy hope; it is, further, the surest pledge of their unity as a people both within and without the boundaries of the present kingdom; it is the practical vindication of their oldest birthright; it is the symbol of the agencies which wrought their partial deliverance; it is the living witness of those qualities and those traditions on which they found their legitimate aspirations for the future. During three centuries and a half of Turkish rule the Greek nationality was preserved from effacement by the studies which fostered its language and its religion; and when the earliest hopes of freedom began to be felt, the first sure promise of its approach was the fact that those studies had been enlarged and had received a new impulse. Koraes struck the true note in the preface to his translation of Beccaria "On Crimes and Punishments," which he dedicated in 1802 to the young republic of the Ionians. "You are now," he said, addressing the studious youth of Greece, "the instructors and teachers of your country, but the time is fast approaching when you will be called upon to become her lawgivers. Unite, then, your wealth and your exertions in her behalf, since in her destitution she can boast no public treasury for the instruction of her children; and forget not that in her brighter days their education was a public duty entrusted to her rulers." If ever there was a case in which the deliverance of a people was directly traceable to the awakening of the national intelligence, that case was the Greek War of Independence. No people could have a more cogent practical reason than the Greeks have for believing that knowledge is power; but they do not value it only or chiefly because it is power. The love of knowledge is an

\* Sixty years ago the Peiræus — Porto Leone, under the Turks — had well-nigh ceased to be even a port. The traces of its ancient dignity were few and modest. There was a piece of deal boarding, projecting a few feet into the sea, to serve as a landing-stage for small boats; and there was a wooden hut for a guard.

essential part of the Greek character — an instinct which their historical traditions strengthen, indeed, but have not created. After the war, when the troubled period of Capodistria's presidency had given place to settled institutions, one of the first great tasks taken in hand was that of thoroughly organizing public instruction. M. Bur-nouf's remark, quoted by Mr. Sergeant, that public instruction was "almost non-existent" in Greece in 1833, is true in a sense, but needs qualification. It is true that there was no complete or uniform system of public instruction; in the political situation of the Greeks before the war such a thing had not been possible. On the other hand, many elements of such a system had been supplied by the strenuous efforts made at many particular centres of Greek life during a long series of years. In fact the tradition of Greek culture had, under the heaviest discouragements, been preserved unbroken from the conquest of Constantinople, though it was only in the latter part of the seventeenth century that a few of the schools began to be prosperous or famous. Among these were the lyceums of Bucharest in Wallachia and Yassi in Moldavia, which had been protected by a series of Phanariot hospodars; the schools of Janina in Epirus, which had owed much to the beneficence of the brothers Zosima, "the Medicis of modern Greece;" the gymnasium of Smyrna, the college of Scio, the Greek college at Odessa, and many more of nearly equal repute. By 1815 almost every Greek community had its school. Ten years of war and confusion interrupted the work. But, in 1833 there were still the materials, however scattered or imperfect, with which to begin; and there was a spontaneous public sympathy with the object — a sympathy which the successful struggle for freedom had helped not a little to quicken. Under the system of public instruction adopted in modern Greece,\* three successive grades of schools lead up to the university: (1), the *demotic* or primary national school; (2), the *Hellenic* schools, secondary grammar schools; (3), the *gymnasia*, higher schools of scholarship and science, in which the

range and the level of teaching are much the same as in the German gymnasium, or in the upper parts of our public schools. From the gymnasium the next step is to the University of Athens. In all three grades of schools, and also at the university, instruction is gratuitous. With regard to the primary schools, Mr. Sergeant writes: "Elementary education in Greece, in addition to being gratuitous, is compulsory — at least in theory. Children are compelled by law to attend the primary schools between the ages of seven and twelve years" (p. 53). M. Mansolas says (p. 36), "between the ages of five and twelve;" and, after adding that there is a small fine for each day of the child's absence, adds the important remark, "*but this principle has been hardly ever applied.*"

It would be interesting to know whether compulsion has been thus absent because it has been found unnecessary or because it has been thought undesirable. So far as personal observation enables me to judge, I should be disposed to doubt whether these words of Mr. Tuckerman's can be accepted without reservation: "It may safely be asserted that no man, woman, or child born in the kingdom since the organization of free institutions [*i.e.* say since 1833] is so deficient in elementary knowledge as not to be able to read or write." However that may be, there can be no doubt that primary education in Greece has made extraordinary progress since 1833 — such progress as could have been made only where the love of knowledge was an instinct of the people — and that at the present time Greece can compare favorably in this respect with any country in the world.\* The growth of the higher schools and of the university has not been less remarkable. Within five-and-twenty years the number of the Hellenic schools has been nearly doubled: that of the *gymnasia* has been nearly trebled; and the total number of pupils have grown in corresponding ratio. In 1841 the University of Athens, then recently founded, had two hundred and ninety-two students; in 1872 it had twelve hundred and forty-four. A few years ago it was estimated that about eighty-one thousand persons — that is about one-eighteenth of the entire population — was under instruction in Greece, either at public or at private establishments. The sum

\* The chief organizer of this system was George Gennadius, the father of the present minister of Greece in England, and a descendant of Gennadius Scholarius, the first patriarch of Constantinople after the Turkish conquest. George Gennadius was studying in Germany when the Greek Revolution broke out. He served in the war: he was a prominent speaker in the assemblies; and on the settlement of the State he devoted his life to public education. Many of the bishops and scholars of Greece have been his pupils; and the memory of his unselfish energy is still held in deserved honor.

\* In 1835 there were about 70 primary schools, with less than 7,000 scholars; in 1845, about 450 schools, with 35,000 scholars; in 1874, about 1,130 schools, with 70,000 scholars.

spent by Greece on public instruction is rather more than five per cent. of its total expenditure—a larger proportion than is devoted to the same purpose by France, Italy, Austria, or Germany. When Mr. Tuckerman claims for Greece that “she stands first in the rank of nations—not excepting the United States—as a *self-educated* people,” the claim, rightly understood, is just. It means, first, that nowhere else does the State spend so large a fraction of its disposable revenue on public education; secondly, that nowhere else is there such a spontaneous public desire to profit by the educational advantages which the State affords.

Closely connected with the progress of the higher education in Greece is a phenomenon which every visitor observes, which almost every writer on Greece discusses, and which has hitherto remained an unsolved problem of modern Greek society. This is the disproportionately large number of men who, having received a university education, become lawyers, physicians, journalists, or politicians. M. Mansolas, after observing that the “dominant calling” in Greece is that of the agriculturist, assigns the second place to “the class of men who exercise the liberal professions, of whom the number is excessive relatively to the rest of the population.” Mr. Sergeant quotes on this subject part of a report drawn up in 1872 by Mr. Watson, one of our secretaries of legation at Athens. “While there is felt in Greece,” Mr. Watson says, “a painful dearth of men whose education has fitted them to supply some of the multifarious material wants of the country—such, for instance, as surveying, farming, road-making, and bridge-building—there is, on the other hand, a plethora of lawyers, writers, and clerks, who, in the absence of regular occupation, become agitators and coffee-house politicians.” As lately as last June the correspondent of the *Times* at Athens wrote as follows: “Public life is here the monopoly of the class exercising the so-called liberal professions—of advocates and university men, whose name is legion,—an upper sort of proletariat, divided into two everlastingly antagonistic factions of place-men and place-hunters.” It is easy to assign one set of causes for this state of things. Where a school and university education is offered free of charge to a people of keen intellectual appetite, it is natural that an unusually large proportion of persons should go through the university course; and where, as in Greece,

agriculture is under a system which gives little scope to the higher sort of intelligence, while there is neither public nor private capital enough to provide employment for many architects or civil engineers, it is natural that an unduly large proportion of university graduates should turn to one of the liberal professions, or to some calling in which their literary training can be made available. Mr. Tuckerman has described vividly the process by which “the coffee-house politician” is developed. A young man, of somewhat better birth than the agricultural laborer or the common sailor, finds himself at eighteen a burden on a household which is hardly maintained by the industry of his father. If he followed in his father’s steps, his lot would be to till the soil for what, when rent and taxes have been paid, is little more than a bare livelihood, or perhaps to subsist on the salary of a small public office. But the boy has been at a school of the higher grade, and, with a natural taste for learning, has conceived the ambition to make something better of his life than this. What, then, is he to do? He would be glad to get a clerkship in one of the commercial houses of Athens, Patras, or Syra; but there are hundreds of applicants whose chances are better than his. Even if he could afford to try his fortune in a foreign country, the risk would be, in his case, too great. Athens, the busy centre of so many activities, is his one hope. Surely there he will find something to do. He makes his way to Athens, attends the university, and becomes interested in his studies. His years of university life are made tolerably happy by the companionship of fellow-students whose situation resembles his own. Literary and political discussion, enjoyed over the evening coffee and cigarette, comes to be his chief delight. At last he takes his degree. He must choose a profession. The bar is already overcrowded. A perpetual series of epidemics would be required to provide moderate occupation for half of the physicians. He has not patience to undertake the duties of a schoolmaster among the Greeks of Turkey. It remains that he should be a politician. He writes for the newspapers, and awaits the moment when his party shall hold its next distribution of loaves and fishes. He receives, perhaps, a small post, or some other reward. Thenceforth he is devoted to his new career. Through years of plenty and years of leanness, he is content to wait on the revolutions of the political

wheel. If it is suggested to him that this is an unsatisfactory life, his answer is simple: Can you show me a better?

Such cases may be common, and may help to explain why, in addition to the overstocked liberal professions, there should be a large number of party writers and place-seekers. But the continued over-supply in all these careers would still remain inexplicable if we confined our view to the kingdom of Greece. The clue is to be found in the relations existing between free Greece and that which is still emphatically "enslaved" Greece — ἡ δοῦλη Ἑλλάς. The kingdom of Greece offers a university education free of charge not only to its own subjects but also to the Greek subjects of the Porte. As to the measure in which the ranks of university men at Athens have been swelled by Greek subjects of Turkey, an interesting piece of evidence will be found in Mr. H. M. Baird's "Modern Greece." Mr. Baird attended classes at the University of Athens, and became intimately acquainted with its life and working. "It is a circumstance well worth the noticing," he writes, "that *rather more than one-half* of the matriculated students are from districts under the rule of the sultan." Thus Athens is a focus of intellectual life not only for the kingdom of Greece but for the Greeks of Turkey: and the already redundant supply of lettered men is further increased by an influx from abroad. Hence the social equilibrium of Greece is deranged in a manner to which no other country presents a parallel. In other countries the law of supply and demand roughly suffices to maintain a natural balance between the number of those who engage in productive industries and the number of those who embrace the liberal professions or seek office from the State. In Greece this is not so. The population of Greece is a million and a half. The number of Greeks in Turkey is about five millions. Among these five millions there are, of course, many who desire a political or official life. They cannot have this under conditions which they can accept in Turkey. They are therefore driven to seek it in Greece. Educated men, or men desirous of education, throng into the kingdom of Greece from Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, Thrace, Crete. But unfortunately there is no reciprocity. The industrial populations of those provinces are not at the disposition of Greece. Thus the balance of occupations is destroyed. "Five competitors at least," says M. Moraitinis, "dispute each public office." He anticipates an objec-

tion. "This invasion from without — this plethora of applicants, so troublesome in its effects — could not free Greece stop it?" "No," he answers, "the evil is unavoidable. Greece has the *duty* of receiving all her children who come to her from without. To repel them would be a treason against kinship; it would be to deny the past and to blight the future: it would be, also, to forego the precious aid of devoted patriotism and of valuable ability."

Mr. Watson, in the report already noticed, points out, indeed, that the plethora of academically trained men is not an unmixed evil. "Undoubtedly," he says, "it confers considerable advantages on the Levant in general. . . . Many provinces of the Ottoman empire are indebted to the seats of learning in Athens for a supply of intelligent doctors, divines, lawyers, chemists, clerks." "The *rôle* of Greece in the contemporary East," M. Lenormant writes, "closely resembles its *rôle* in antiquity. . . . The Hellenic race represents the motive power in the Ottoman empire, as, twenty-two centuries ago, it represented it in Persian Asia." It may fairly be urged, as Mr. Sergeant well urges, that the very existence of this so-called "over-education" is a proof of the fitness of Greece to perform the part of a civilizing power in the East. It may also be said that the general influence of high education widely diffused has done much to leaven Greek life with the spirit of order, industry, and sustained effort. Mr. Sergeant's remarks on this point are illustrated by the testimony of foreign observers to the decorous behavior of the Athenian population on occasions which in most other capitals would scarcely fail to evoke some popular turbulence, or even to let loose the passions of a mob. In the crisis of the revolution under the former reign, which resulted in King Otho signing the constitutional decree, the whole population of Athens was in the streets. "For an entire day the open space in front of the palace was filled with an excited and determined people and a revolted soldiery. All police surveillance was suspended; men of the lowest class paraded the streets with loaded arms, and the largest opportunity for license and lawlessness was afforded: yet not a gun was fired, nor a stone raised, nor was even a flower plucked from the public gardens." The Greek capital, in this instance, only reflected the normal character of the Greek people; there is plenty of popular enthusiasm; but there is no rowdiness.

It seems probable that the large de-



velopment of manufacturing industry and commerce in Greece during the last few years will tend gradually to diminish the pressure of candidates for the learned or literary callings, by showing men where they may find a sphere of honorable exertion without permanently leaving the country. In fact the intelligent enterprise and power of combination which have lately been exhibited in this field go far to prove that it has already become attractive to men of education. Thus new banks have been established; a new steam-navigation company for the Mediterranean and the Black Sea has been formed, under the Greek flag, by Greek capitalists; and the rights of the Franco-Italian company, which since 1865 had worked the mines of Laurium, have been purchased by a new company composed chiefly of Greeks. Projects have been entertained for lines of railway from Athens to Patras, and from Patras to Pyrgos on the north-west coast of the Morea. A correspondent quoted by Mr. Tuckerman confirms the view indicated above. "These private undertakings," he writes, "including mining and railway operations, have already begun to produce most satisfactory results, not merely as regards the social, but also as regards the political condition of the country. It is thus that we have lately witnessed quite an unprecedented phenomenon. A large number of clerks and other *employés* of the civil service are sending in their resignations, and are accepting posts in these new establishments at rates of remuneration even lower than the government salaries, preferring the stability and hope of advancement offered them by private enterprise to the torturing and ruinous uncertainty with which they held offices dependent on the arbitrary will of each successive minister. In this new movement I see the solution of one of the great difficulties this country has been laboring under — the fight for public offices."

It is an opinion which is often heard in Greece, both from natives and from foreign residents, that permanence in the civil-service appointments would do much to steady the politics of the country; others, again, say that this is made virtually impossible by universal suffrage, since the majority will always prefer the chances afforded by a frequent redistribution of many small prizes. In England there are about fifty-two electors to every thousand inhabitants; in France, with universal suffrage, there are two hundred and

sixty-seven; in Greece no fewer than three hundred and eleven. It is noteworthy that M. Moraitinis — an unquestionably intelligent friend of progress in Greece — appears to regard universal suffrage as being, for Greece, an institution of doubtful expediency, and even goes so far as to suggest that the constitution "might and should be modified" in the direction of withdrawing the suffrage from those "who, having nothing to preserve, are ready to sell their conscience" (p. 569). But we are concerned with Greece and its constitution as they now are. On the main point there is little difference of opinion. The great need of all for Greece, if Greece is to go on prospering, is that politics should cease to be a game played between the holders and seekers of office, and that all local or personal interests whatsoever should be uniformly and steadily subordinated to the public interests of the country. Before this can be thoroughly secured two things must come to pass. First, adequate outlets must be found for the energies of the educated class who have hitherto been driven into making politics a livelihood: this, as we have seen, has in a certain measure been accomplished already, and there seems reason to hope that the growing material prosperity of Greece will by degrees provide a complete solution. Secondly, the Greek people must bring a sound and vigorous public opinion to bear on public affairs — not by fits and starts, but steadily. It has been said, with too much truth, that Greece has been a nation of opinions without a public opinion. The free growth and effective expression of public opinion has been checked by too much centralization, — by the tendency of many administrations to regard a close bureaucracy as the only shelter for authority. There can be no vitality of public opinion without diffusion of power; but hitherto the average Greek voter in the provinces has been controlled by no real sense of personal responsibility to the country. Public meetings for the discussion of proposed measures have been rare out of Athens. Along with excessive centralization another cause has been at work — the tendency of the Greek character to set the interests of a district or a town above the general interests of the nation. This "particularism" — scarcely less marked to-day than in the Greek commonwealths of old — may be traced, now as formerly, in some measure to the physical configuration of the country, and to the want, still seriously felt, of easy communication. The



old Greeks had common national characteristics, but never formed a nation; the Greeks of to-day are a nation, with a strong national sentiment, but without a sufficiently energetic unity of national purpose. Nothing but such unity of purpose can enforce those reforms which the country most needs, — reforms of principle, not of detail, — the choice of public men on the public grounds of character and fitness, the management of the finances with undeviating regard to the thorough re-establishment of the national credit. There have, indeed, been critical moments when the public opinion of Greece has asserted itself in such questions with decisive result. The successful protest of 1875 against ministerial infringements of the constitution has been the most recent example; and M. Moraitinis may justly argue that a maturity of political education is proved by the disciplined loyalty with which, at that crisis, all classes united to uphold the constitution by constitutional means. The same general characteristic appeared also in the crises of 1843 and 1862; and it was better marked in 1862 than in 1843, and in 1875 than in 1862. But then, as M. Moraitinis adds, when the danger is past, public opinion goes to sleep again, "and individual interests resume their ascendancy." What is wanted is that public opinion should be always vigilant.

No impartial observer can refuse to admit that Greece has already done much, and is now in a fair way to do more. Few probably, would deny that from the outset she has had to contend with grave difficulties not of her own making. In the first place it is only the beginning of the present reign, that is, only since 1863, that Greece has been in the full practical enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Secondly, Greece began life not only as a poor country, in which the first elements of prosperity had to be created anew, but as a country loaded with debt for loans of which only a fraction had ever been applied to her benefit. Those who wish to read the whole story of the Greek loans in the light of contemporary documents may be referred to a recent pamphlet on the subject consisting of extracts from the English newspapers and periodicals of the day, put together without comment.\* Among other facts which deserve to be more generally known, it will be found that of the second loan of 1,200,000*l.*, all that ever reached Greece

was the amount of 209,000*l.* Lastly, there has been that most serious and permanent obstacle of all, the original defect of a bad frontier. It has been already shown how this has affected the balance of social and political life in Greece. The dilemma raised by that ill-judged limitation of the new kingdom could not be expressed more clearly or concisely than in the words of the late Edgar Quinet.\* "I am afraid," he wrote in 1857, "that the artificial boundaries of the new state, and the conditions imposed upon it, may have the effect of hindering its development. Hence, a false position for the Greeks, and a perpetual temptation to get out of it. If they stretch out their hands to their brethren who are still under the yoke, they rouse the anger of their protectors; if they resign themselves to remaining where they are, they are reduced to a hopeless plight, — with no outlets, no commerce, no relations; and their brethren accuse them of betrayal."

An interesting document in illustration of this view has lately been given to the world. In February, 1830, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg accepted the crown of Greece, offered to him in a joint note from Lord Aberdeen and the French and Russian ambassadors in London; but, after some negotiations, he finally declined it in May of the same year. An Athenian newspaper † has now printed the letter, hitherto unpublished, which Leopold addressed to Charles X. of France on May 23rd, 1830, two days after his final decision. In this he states the reason for his resolve. Prominent among them is this consideration, — that a new ruler of Greece would begin his work at a hopeless disadvantage if he were regarded by the Greek nation as a party to the disastrous truncation of the territory. By the treaty of Adrianople (September, 1829), the boundary line of Greece had been drawn from near the entrance of the Gulf of Volo on the east to the Gulf of Arta on the west. But by a new decision of the powers (February 3rd, 1830) a large slice was cut off. Leopold does justice to the natural feeling which would make it a bitter sacrifice for the Greeks to leave their brethren in continental Hellas — as well as in Crete, Samos, and elsewhere — under that yoke which all alike had striven to shake off; and he hopes that Charles, "with the magnanimity

\* The Greek Loans of 1824 and 1825. London: H. S. King. 1878.

\* Preface to *La Grèce moderne et ses rapports avec l'Antiquité*.

† The *Ἔφη* of Dec. 22, 1878 (= Jan. 3, 1879).

which distinguishes him," will appreciate this. He held that in the narrow limits now imposed on the country—the territory adjacent to the Gulfs of Volo and Arta being cut off—it could not be thoroughly prosperous. The truth of Leopold's forecast was recognized at the Berlin congress last year by M. Waddington.

The people of Greece are industrious, singularly temperate, with a strong regard for the ties of the family, and with the virtues which that implies; they have proved at more than one trying conjuncture that they have learned the lessons of constitutional freedom; and they possess a versatile intelligence which justly entitles them to be regarded as the gifted race of south-eastern Europe. Men of all parties and opinions are interested in forming a true judgment of what the Greeks can or cannot achieve. So long as their character and capacity are imperfectly or incorrectly estimated in this country, a necessary element of every "Eastern question" will be taken at an erroneous value, and the margin of possible miscalculation will be so far increased. If, as now seems not impossible, some means should be devised of sending young Englishmen from our universities to pursue studies in Greece, it may be predicted that the good results will not be confined to the world of letters. Englishmen who have resided in Greece, and who have lived in converse with its people, will gradually help to diffuse a better knowledge of them in this country, and with a better knowledge, a kinder spirit,—such a knowledge and tone as, through similar intercourse with Greece, are already more general in France and Germany than they are in England. It will become more usual to recognize fairly how much the Greeks have done and are still doing, how much they have had to suffer, what difficulties they have overcome, and with what disadvantages they are still contending: to distinguish between ambitions which deserve to be repressed and those aspirations for a free development of national life which no people can renounce without losing self-respect and forfeiting the good opinions of those who retain it: and to consider whether the only manifestations of friendship which Greece may reasonably expect from the leaders of European civilization are those in which her friends (with the honorable exception of France) have hitherto been principally zealous,—the offices of candid remonstrance and veiled repression.

R. C. JEBB.

SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

#### CHAPTER I.

"THEN where is that woman now, Mrs. Snep?" asked the curate.

"Well, sir, half-way to the town by this time, I should judge."

Mrs. Snep had a very large wash-tub before her, and was using it with energy in the very small kitchen of a whitewashed cottage. Such a pretty little one-storied abode, so rural, so smothered in greenery. Too much so, indeed, for it stood with its back to a great hop-garden, and the long lines of hop-poles terminating against its wall rose as high as the thatch of the roof, so that all the view obtained out of the kitchen casement was down one long over-arched lane of hop-bines, under which the softened light appeared to be endowed with both color and quietness, it was so strangely green and still.

The curate glanced rather helplessly into that shadowy lane. He wished he was a good way down it.

There was something trenchant, capable, and rather defiant about the words and fashions of the cottager's wife. The curate was afraid of her.

Young curates often are afraid, and blush under the eyes of such women. We do not half enough consider their difficulties and their fears, specially that fear of making themselves ridiculous, which, perhaps, under the circumstances, this particular young curate felt just then with all the reason in the world.

However, he made up his mind to do his duty. To that end he said, "Considering how weak she was when I saw her yesterday, poor thing, and how very young her infant is" ("Eleven days old come nine o'clock this evening," Mrs. Snep put in as a parenthesis), "I think her getting as far as the town to-day," he went on, "must be quite impossible."

Mrs. Snep, as he spoke, moved towards the fire. "You'll excuse me, sir"—meaning, "You'll please to get up."

"Oh, certainly," he exclaimed, rising, for the place was so small that unless he made way she could not pass; and she took a large iron pot of boiling water from the fire and emptied it over her cooling suds, before she addressed herself to the task of making him any direct answer.

Then, having set the iron pot on her stone threshold, as if on purpose that in his exit he might knock it over, she ensconced herself behind the mounting clouds of steam, and while energetically

rubbing and wringing, said with an air of calm superiority, —

"It ain't to be expected, sir, as you should know much about these here things. Not at present. But if you was to ask your ma, she would tell you that poor folks can no ways afford to cocker themselves up as lying-in ladies do. When my oldest was eleven days old I took him on one arm and his father's basket of dinner on t'other, and off to the field with 'em, thinking it no hardship neither. But your knowing the ways of poor folk, let alone the ways of tramps such as she, is not, as I said, at all to be expected."

The curate felt annihilated. She had got the better of him not so much by pointing out his inexperience, as by the use of those words "your ma."

He was young enough to feel keenly ashamed of his youth. She made him feel ignominiously young just then. He actually envied her superior age; and the fulness of her knowledge raised in his mind something like a wholesome fear.

She had, however, intended to express civility. That a man so young should have been placed over her head as a spiritual guide, when he knew no more about sickness than he did about washing, or, indeed, about many of the other most important and familiar experiences of her life, was a thing at once ridiculous and aggravating; but not the less would she acknowledge that he was a gentleman. Common men had mothers, and were thankful for them, but the delicate-handed woman who had brought him up was worthy of a finer name, so she gave it (as she thought), and politely called her "your ma."

"She's a tramp, sir," proceeded Mrs. Snep; "and in my opinion no better than she should be, though some folks (kind-hearted, if I say it) took pity on her in her trouble, and brought her in."

"And were paid for it, I suppose," observed the curate; for the trodden worm will turn; and she had made him smart, and knew it.

"Yes, sir," she answered, with a solemnity most impressive. "I should hope I know better than to throw money into the dirt, away from my own poor husband and children. She paid me, but little enough it were; and glad I were to see the back of her when she went away of her own free will — of her own free will — at ten o'clock this blessed morning."

"Did you show her the path to the road, the road to G——?" inquired the young man.

Mrs. Snep gave an energetic wrench to

a much-twisted swathe of linen, then shook a snowy drift of foam from her hand with a contemptuous action, as if she was thinking of her late lodger, and made answer.

"No, we'd had words, and I took not to say any particular notice on her when she walked herself off. But she did say, 'Mrs. Snep, you've been a good friend to me, and I ask your pardon if I've offended you, for,' she says, 'I didn't ought to have said it. I've counted over my things now, and I'll allow you're as honest as the day.'"

"As honest as the day," she presently repeated, for she saw that this speech, which was entirely of her own invention, had impressed the curate very much.

But not as she had intended. "I always thought you were robbing that poor thing," was his mental comment on it, "and now I am sure."

"Well, good morning, Mrs. Snep," he exclaimed, forming a sudden resolution. Between his zeal and his discomfiture, he failed to notice the iron pot, which, dashing through the door, he overturned upon a fresh clump of white pinks, blacking them and his own legs, and being obliged to submit to the loan of a duster to wipe them. "I always have to leave that woman with an apology," he exclaimed, as he began to stride along the path towards the town.

He did not find the woman — naturally he did not — though he walked all the way to the town, for he had been right in his belief, and Mrs. Snep wilfully wrong. The woman could only walk a very little way. It was a sultry morning. She was very weak; a little child not two years old dragged upon her gown; she had her infant on her arm, and from it depended a bundle. She had been excited and angry, so that she trembled, and her little strength soon giving way, she turned off the dusty road to court the shade of the hop-garden, skirting it till she reached the end, and intending to enter the road again.

And so it came about that when the curate passed, this woman was still in the hop-garden, within fifty yards of him. Instead of turning to the left and regaining the road, she had taken the path to the right, and after wistfully gazing up some of the narrow bowers of fragrant vines, had crept into the shelter of one of them, all cool and shaded and still; there, propped up by the hop-poles, she wept, at first with a sick heart, but presently she found admittance to the enchanted valley of slumber; and if, instead of that, it had been the lost Eden, secret since our first

mother's fault, she could hardly have shown a face of more supreme content.

Oh, how common, but oh, how sweet is sleep!

She was tall, dark-haired, and thin. One hand, which was rather pale than white, touched with protective care the head of her little two-years-old girl, who, curled up on the skirts of her gown, slept more soundly than herself; the other was spread over her young infant, whose meaningless blue eyes stared up from its mother's lap into the space of sky overhead.

Her possessions were but the clothes she wore — a cotton gown, a flimsy shawl, her small bundle, a little paper parcel of bacon and bread, an almost empty purse, these two infants over whom her heart yearned with unutterable love and despair, and nothing else at all except the wedding-ring — that was conspicuous enough on her honest, labor-hardened hand, and was the symbol of as bad a bargain as ever was made.

She had not lost a good husband by death, but had to mourn a bad one yet in life — a mean and cruel fellow, who from the moment she married him had let her see his contempt for the foolish passion that, spite of warnings, had dared to waste itself on him. She was free of him now for a while, free from this object of her once impassioned love, and now of her fear and shame. He had been arrested for a robbery with violence, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years. She had been very foolish, but to know that was no element of consolation.

Her story in brief was this. She had in her early days been employed by a young invalid lady as reader, and when old enough had entered her service. The lady had taken some pains to improve her; the books, also, that she read had enriched her mind; insensibly she had become different, softened. She had a natural love of beauty and harmony; her light tasks and delicate surroundings fostered it.

The rough children she had played with, and her vulgar relatives, became daily more unlike her; their ways, not themselves, became distasteful to her. She envied not so much the rich as the refined.

Oh, to be a lady!

Her old mother in the tripe-shop was still dear to her, though she shrank from her petty dishonesties and sordid aims — still more from the boast she made of these things in the bosom of her family. She hated the meanness, the meagreness, the smallness of life in the lanes, and the "smoots" and the "wynds." She had an

ardent, yearning nature, always looking out for something more, something higher; she wanted expansion — bright, soft air, decent living, truth and honesty, and also clean and becoming clothes.

She did not care for the footman's jokes, or even for the butler's gracious smile; courtship from those of her own class did not move her; she had left her world behind, and cared for nothing in it — with one sad, one fatal exception.

Among her better surroundings this one exception had fast hold of her still: a lad with a beautiful face, very pathetic and fair. He was extremely lame of one foot, but contrived to do more mischief than most can though they be swift runners. He could sing, oh, so sweetly; and sometimes when he would pass, while in the dark, with blinds drawn up and the street lamps shining in, she sat watching her sick lady, she could hear him — two or three wild soft notes as he went by — and hear the tap of his weighted shoe, and her whole heart would cry after him. She longed to be walking beside him, in the soft night air, on that wet pavement, walking by him and weeping, asking, could he care for her if she gave him herself and all she had, praying him to be a better lad for her sake.

But it was only her heart that went out to him; she never spoke. He did not love her, nor know how she loved him.

She saw his possibilities, but of course he was not on the way to attain, he never would attain, them; they had being only in her thought. For this woman was a poet in her degree, which means that she was a partaker of nature's boundless hope. She was made welcome to a hint of nature's wishes.

She was not one of those poets who write verses — very few are; none but such as are poets through and through should ever do that. Verse is only words, the garment that makes the spirit of poetry visible to others; and poets who have but little of the spirit often fritter that little away in the effort to have it seen. But she was a poet in this, that the elemental passions of our nature were strong in her, and she bowed to them with childlike singleness of soul.

Her love was so fresh, it might no more be withstood than the moss can withstand the dew that drenches it, and makes it sparkle in the morning. Her wonder was more unsated forever, her hope was more nearly possession than ours. If sorrow came up, it was a dark amazement. Would it not soon be over? There are

many days of sunshine for one thunder-storm.

The youth, by name Uziah Dill, was a journeyman shoemaker; might have done well enough but for his love of drink and bad companions, and for occasional fits of idleness, during which he would sit and brood. Sometimes she would pass him then, and wonder at him — was he in pain? was he wishing to do better? Once, as he sat under a little bridge, hidden to the waist in tall rushes, she went by, and their eyes met; for she had not been able to forbear stopping to say a few civil words to him. His beautiful face was clouded and dissatisfied, but a gleam of surprise lighted it up when he looked at hers. Her fate was sealed. She passed on, her cheek hot with blushes; but he came to see her. She had saved forty pounds, and was then three and twenty. She was easily persuaded that he meant to be a different man. She married him, and in spite of his evil ways, her love died hard, and almost broke her heart. It was not till he had spent all her money, and brought her and their little child into the deepest poverty, that he cured her of it. He had always neglected her, — he now went off with another woman; and jealousy did in one day what coldness and evil living of all other sorts could not have worn out in years.

It was almost noon. The curate had not found her; none had come to help. She slept on, and the least little movement in the air lifted a corner of the old newspaper in which was wrapped her food. It was shaken loose and rustled, showing its name — the *Suffolk Chronicle*, a provincial newspaper. What was it doing there? The woman, sitting on the slope of a long hill, had her back toward the Worcester-shire beacon, and was looking to the south, over a lovely expanse of country. A small red-roofed city, with its cathedral peaks, folded into the hollow of a hill; a shining reach of river, with a bridge over it; walnut woods, hop-gardens, and remote points of rocky blue cliffs; and then another town, with spires piercing through the haze-like smoke in which it slept, and to which the sun had given a golden show of glory, that made it seem to hang low, roofing the place like yellow thatch, or a suspended crown.

The *Suffolk Chronicle* had come a long way — had been sent, in fact, to the vicar's wife, who was a Suffolk woman; from her the curate had begged some tea and sugar for his poor *protégée*, and she had given them wrapped in it. It was now doing

duty again as a wrapper, but though the air had in part loosened it, there were creases and folds so that the news (if any had been awake to read it) was only visible here and there. A certain fishmonger, whose name was hidden, advertised his ware. The parishioners of St. Matthew's had presented their vicar with — what did not appear.

After that came a notice.

"If this should meet the eye of Hannah Dill —"

As these words were set free, a little portion of the bread became visible also, and a robin, emboldened by long silence, sprang upon the paper and weighed it down. He only stole one crumb, and flew off, when up floated the paper again. "If this should meet the eye" — then a fuller waft of air shook the crumpled lines, and if any one had looked, it would have been at this — "If this should meet the eye of Hannah Dill . . . hear of something to her advantage. This is the fourth time of advertising."

It did not meet the eye of any one. But just then, with a sudden start and tremor, the baby turned and cried, and the exhausted mother woke, ravenous with hunger and cramped with the long restraint of her attitude.

It was high noon, and very hot. While she suckled her infant, she began with hollow eyes to open her parcel, and divide its contents with her elder child, who, rosy and smiling, now sat up, and held out dimpled hands, expectant of a share.

The child had never felt the gnawings of hunger; the mother had been familiar with them of late. She took as much for herself as she dared, then folded up the small remainder, and thrust it under some dock-leaves out of sight, lest she should be tempted to eat more, and leave nothing for the supper that she knew not where to procure.

She did not feel rested; a sense of her position seemed to fall upon her like a blow. Where should she go? what should she do? She had been on her way down to Plymouth when her trouble had come upon her. There had been some wild fancy in her mind that she and the other poor mothers and wives of convicts would stand on the shore as they embarked, and take leave of them and see them sail.

She was not so free, in truth, of this wretched husband as she seemed; she had indulged strange notions as to her duty towards him. He would think it hard if she did not come, and bring him such comforts as she could beg or buy for him.



Some despairing questions asked of such women as knew of these matters had let her know that the police would not suffer this, that the government would not hear of that. Yet what he might be thinking of her was frequently in her thoughts. He had deserted her and not let her know of his whereabouts for some time, but no sooner had he got himself into serious trouble, than he had contrived to have her informed of it. It must have hurt him, surely, never to have seen her anxious face in the court during his trial. Did he think she would not appear because she was ashamed of him?

A step coming on, and presently the curate standing before her.

She had her baby at her breast, and as she gently drew the flimsy shawl over its little head, he lifted his hat and made her a bow. It was not the sort of greeting a very poor mother, a probable tramp, might have expected, but she understood it; she knew it as the instinctive reverence of his young manhood for her occupation. There was something in the gentlemanhood and sympathy of this curate that was inexpressibly comforting to her, but now the contrast between him and her wretched husband forced itself on her with miserable force, and the tears fell fast over her thin hands.

She could not speak, or at first think, but shortly she recovered herself and dried her eyes, and saw the curate seated on the grass before the opening of the tent-like bower. He was perfectly silent, not looking towards her, and he showed no wish to speak.

Oh, what a sigh! She herself could not have sighed more deeply. Then, but not without hesitation, he began to talk—to tell her, with all gentleness, that since she had so little in this world, he was the more fain to see her endowed with a sacred hope; and shortly, to her great surprise, though he spoke with such consideration—it might almost be said with such respect—she perceived that he took for granted she was not a married woman.

She lifted up her head, startled. "Yes, sir, I know we're all sinners," she exclaimed a little proudly; "we none of us have anything to boast of."

"No."

"And as you said, sir, 'our sins do find us out.' But, sir—"

"Yes, my poor friend."

"I do thank my God for his divine gift of a Saviour (you put it beautiful). I've often thought of it, since I sank so low. But, sir"—spreading forth her left hand

to his view—"a true church parson like you put on that ring. I have a husband, and if I didn't fear God I should say, worse luck."

"My poor friend, I earnestly beg your pardon."

"For I can never get free. I was warned—oh, I was warned. It's not a sin, sir, that weighs me down; it's a mistake I made—my great mistake."

"Indeed!" he answered, in a tone of the deepest sympathy.

"Oh, my poor husband! My mistake! I must bear it; there's nothing can rid me of it—nothing."

"No," answered the curate; and he sighed again. "Divine love came down to take on itself our sins, but there is no Saviour to do the like for our mistakes."

She looked up. It must have been a sharp pang of pity that could have imparted such a tone to his voice. It could not be all pity, she thought. No, he too must have made a mistake.

So seldom is true fellow feeling found, that when it is really present, it almost always deceives. It had done so then. Her first thought was never forgotten, and it influenced her so long as that conversation remained engraven in her mind.

Perhaps in her fine, though homely face, he saw the sudden change of expression which answered to this thought; he may have even perceived what it meant. But what need to explain himself to this stranger, this almost beggar! He turned away his face instead, and she noticed again what she had seen before, that, young as he was, he had one lock of perfectly white hair among the brown.

He stood a moment silent, then he took occasion to bring the conversation round to a point from whence he could draw his moral. Experts in teaching easily do this sort of thing, and the poor commonly expect it of them.

"If our sins were forgiven, our mistakes need not break our hearts. Nature was hard upon us, for their sake. She did not forgive them, and she could not forget. God did not interfere with her. But to us he would give a heart that should be the better for her discipline; even they should be among the 'all things' that shall work together for our good."

#### CHAPTER II.

"If this should meet the eye of Hannah Dill, whose maiden name was Goodrich, and who was born in the parish of St. Peter, Ipswich, she is desired to apply (by letter only) to H. G., Blank Court, High



Holborn (she knows the number), and she will hear of something to her advantage. This advertisement appears to-day for the fourth time."

The curate gone; the woman silent in her bower, with wide-open eyes full of amazement and fear.

The *Suffolk Chronicle* had done its work at last.

She had sunk very low; that, alas! is common enough. The uncommon thing is the rising again.

"I fare to feel as if I must eat another piece," the poor nursing mother had said, for she was hungry again; and she looked wistfully at her parcel under the roofing dock-leaves.

The curate had left her with the gift of a shilling; moreover, he had promised to arrange with a carrier, who was to pass by the hop-garden about three o'clock, to take her and her babes as far as the town, in his cart. For in that scattered hamlet, as he explained, he knew of no one who could lodge her.

What a slender hold she had on the care and thought of the world! None at all on its heart. She heard what little kindness it held for her only from the mouth of this one man. The pledge of it with which his hand had met hers was that one bit of silver, and the sigh with which he had murmured that he wished it was more.

She could not thank him, for little as he was to her, he was all; and he was sending her away.

She meant to go: what else could she do? She could not walk far; she could not stay all night in the hop-garden. She possessed little more than the cost of two nights' lodging. When should she be strong enough to earn a maintenance for herself and her infants?

"I fare so hungry," she repeated. She drew her parcel from under the leaves, and there was her own name, staring her in the face. *If this should meet the eye of Hannah Dill.*

She had been so long unused to good fortune, that at first she could see no promise in this. Suspicions had been cast upon her. The magistrates had said her husband must have had accomplices. Could this be a trap? But why, if so, should they advertise for her in Ipswich? No, this advertisement was put in by her uncle the pawnbroker, the great man of the family, known to be "well to do," said to be rich. He had long cast off her mother, and all his relations, because they plagued him so for money. He had been fond of her in her childhood, but when she

married had gone out of his way to let her know that he meant to have no more to do with her. It was only when she heard this that she supposed he might have hitherto intended some kindness to her.

She had not been to Ipswich for several years. Her uncle did not know it; and the date of the newspaper was earlier than that of her husband's trial.

This was no trap, this was real. She read again and again — took courage; but still wary, still unused to joy, weighed it and weighed it, between hope and fear, till hope suddenly got the upper hand, and she acted upon it at once. She opened wide her parcel, and with a little help from her baby-girl, ate up all that remained in it, then and there.

A daring venture! but when she began to waver again and doubt, the sight of that empty paper was an evidence to her of how sure she had felt when she made it.

It helped the joy of certainty to recur, and she felt so much the better for this and for the good meal, that when the carrier saw her seated on the step of the stile, and her little one playing by her with some flowers, he could hardly believe she was the poor creature whom he had been told to look out for.

Oh! the bliss of lying in a golden shade, under the tawny tilt of that wagon, as it slowly moved along; of hearing the carrier's whistle while he trudged beside it; of conning the leaf of the newspaper, with oft-repeated scrutiny; then looking out over the long blue hills, while they melted softly into air, and feeling as if all the world, with herself, was conscious of some great reprieve.

Soon they halted at a little wayside inn, half smothered in walnut-trees, and while the carrier's horse leaned over a long water-trough, she bought some milk, and the hostess came out to look at her baby, and compare its age and weight with her own. "It thrives," she observed.

"Yes, thank God," answered the Ipswich mother, "that do."

"And so you're going on to the town?"

"And further! I am going to a relation that have written for me from London."

"My way lies toward London," observed the old carrier, when they had started again.

Hannah Dill found that she should be twelve miles nearer to London if she went with the carrier to his destination, than if she stopped at the town. She agreed to pay the small sum he asked, in addition to what her kind friend the curate had already given him, and, after stopping at a little

hostelry outside the town to have her tea, set off again in the cool of the evening, and went on with the old man and a market-woman.

Up and down the long hills they moved till the crescent moon rose, and then till it grew dark and the great horn-lantern was lighted, and the old man carried it, sometimes flashing its light on his horse, sometimes on the green hedges, and into fields, whose crops they could guess only by the smell of clover, or fresh-cut hay, or beans that loaded the warm night air; anon, on whitewashed cottages, whose inhabitants had long been asleep, and again upon the faces of great cliff-like rocks, where cuttings had been made for the road into the steep hills, and where strange curly ammonites and peaked shells and ancient bones high up showed themselves for an instant in the moving disk of light that rose and sank as the lantern swayed in the carrier's hand.

Strange sights these; and curious now and then to see it flash on the bronzed face of some wayfaring man, passing from the dark into the dark, with the customary "good-night."

It was eleven o'clock when they reached the hostelry, and Mrs. Dill got down with her two sleeping infants. She felt that this had been a strangely long day, but that she was refreshed by food and hope and rest.

In the mean time the old man who had advertised for her had long given her up. He had soon taken to a sick-bed, and for a while had asked if Hannah had written—if Hannah was come. Then he ceased to ask, but sometimes bemoaned her absence; and then he forgot her, and all the concerns of this life, and asked no more.

The morning after her arrival at the hostelry, Mrs. Dill wrote to her uncle, and as soon as possible afterwards received the money needful for her journey. The letter was not in her uncle's handwriting, and said nothing about him. It was curt, and, without any kind words, desired her to be as quick as she could.

Between twenty and thirty years ago there were not so many railways in the west of England that one could count on getting to London in one day. Mrs. Dill was thirty miles from the nearest railway station. She reached it by the aid of another carrier's cart, and stood at her uncle's door about five o'clock the following afternoon.

She had never been in London before. The glaring white pavements and close heat oppressed her, while the swarms of

people and of vehicles, the noise and hurry, made her tremble with a sense of danger for herself and her children. But she had not a shilling left, find her uncle she must; and she still asked her way and pressed on, till at last she reached a shabby house in a dusky court, and, overcome with fatigue and excitement, rang the bell. A woman, dressed in new mourning, presently came to the door, and seeing her shabby, woe-begone appearance, and her two children, took her for a beggar, and made this remarkable announcement, "No, we never give anything away in charity," and was proceeding to shut the door in her face, when she exclaimed, "Wait a minute; I am come to see Mr. Goodrich. I'm his niece; you'll show me in, if you please."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the woman, with an irrepressible smile, "if here ain't another on 'em;" and then she became suddenly grave again, and answered coldly, "You're too late, young woman. You may come in, if you choose, and see all the others, but you will not see Mr. Goodrich; he was buried yesterday."

A sharp sense of misery and disaster, a sudden cry to the woman, "Oh, my babe! don't let that fall," then an eddy of blackness swirling over all things, and Hannah Dill fainted away.

After that, her first sensation was that her little girl was crying, and next that several other voices made a din about her—voices that long ago she seemed to have known, voices that made her think of Ipswich. In the midst of it all, and while still she could not move or open her eyes, a commanding voice quelled the others. "Either be silent and stand back, or at once leave the room."

With a sharp sigh she presently got her eyes open, and saw dimly several people, but before them stood a gentleman, who spoke at once. "You are better. No need to raise your head. Your name?"

"Mrs. Dill."

The assembly received this announcement with an audible groan.

"There was an advertisement," she proceeded faintly, "in the *Suffolk Chronicle*;" and she tried to fumble for the paper.

"Thank you. We know all about that. There are several copies of the *Suffolk Chronicle* here."

Something scornful in the voice helped her to rouse herself; and at the same time a murmur of congratulation floated round the room. Somebody ventured to congratulate *Mr. Bartlett*. "You're not the

gentleman, sir, to be so easy taken in. Hannah Dill, indeed! Is it likely?"

"Not at all likely," answered the commanding voice; "but let her alone for the present."

"Where's my babe? where's my child?" she exclaimed, trying again to raise herself, and failing.

"Close at hand," answered the same voice, and a glass of wine was held to her lips; after drinking which she sat up, and observed that she was in a small wainscoted parlor, accommodated on a horse-hair sofa. Several people were in the room; for a moment they seemed to float before her; but presently she gathered strength, and then, as they settled down into their places, her attention was attracted almost at once by a little stout old woman, with eyes like black beads, a long nose, and a curled "front" of brown hair. She was dressed in neat mourning, and no sooner met the full gaze of the tall, gaunt young woman, then she slipped into the background; whereupon the gentleman whom they had called Mr. Bartlett looked surprised, and requested her to come forward, which she did, looking both irate and abashed.

Still Mrs. Dill looked at her. "You'll excuse me, ma'am. It's many years since I saw my aunt Maria — Mrs. Storer; and folks alter strangely. I don't wonder, either, that any one should forget me, not expecting to see me dressed so as I am. You are the very moral of what my dear mother was before she died. Why, dear me, ma'am, you *are* my aunt Maria! I'm your sister Susan's daughter, aunt. I'm Hannah Goodrich."

"Tcha!" said the old lady, "it's no such thing; you're not a bit like her. What did you expect you were going to do here, deceiving of us?"

"It don't much signify what I expected," she answered, bursting into tears; but she had looked round the room first, and was quick to perceive at once how unwelcome she was there. "It don't much signify what I expected; I shall not have it now. He's gone that meant to be a good friend to me! You have no call to be so envious. He's past doing me any kindness; and I was more in need of it than you are."

Here followed a scene which the one silent spectator looked on at with equal surprise, interest, and attention; a scene of excitement, rage, and recrimination, during which all the old heart burnings and delinquencies of the Goodrich family were raked up, and argued over again.

Two aunts and two uncles were challenged by Hannah Dill, in whose teeth it was forthwith flung that her husband was a convict, and that this was already known all over Ipswich; and that if the dear departed had only known it too, he never would have suffered her to enter his door; and who, in a passion of tears, replied by upbraidings of their unkindness in suffering their own sister, in spite of her humble entreaties for help, to die in receipt of parish pay, and be buried with a pauper's funeral; and then, after this short outbreak of indignation and outraged feeling, partly at their refusal to recognize her, and then, when they did, at their cruel mention of her wretched husband, being completely quelled by numbers, and cured of her faintness by passionate excitement, snatched up her baby in her trembling arms, and seizing her other child by the hand, turned her back on them all, and, without any words of farewell, moved hastily towards the door.

But that gentleman, still looking on, was standing before it, leaning against the lintel. "Where are you going, Mrs. Dill?" he now asked, with slow composure.

"I don't know," she answered, with a choking sob. "I have nowhere to go to. I've come to-day and yesterday all the way from beyond Glastonbury, to see my poor uncle. But I'm not wanted; it's no use my stopping now."

"Oh! the person I wrote to, then? I think you are rather in a hurry," he answered, with his calm, slow smile.

Here the two aunts said it was a shame, and they had never been used to convicts' wives in the family. She quivered all over, and, with entreating eyes, appealed to him to let her be gone. But he, taking no notice, proceeded calmly.

"Your uncle, you know, might have left you something; you don't seem to think of that, Mrs. Dill."

To this speech, still trembling with excitement and passion, she made a remarkable answer.

"It's no use at all what he might have said I was to have; they would divide it amongst themselves just the same — I know they would! They are that grasping and contemptuous, that they would never let me touch a thing!"

In the mean time, the aunts and uncles were all appealing to Mr. Bartlett, and saying it was a shame.

"So it may be," he answered coldly, "for anything I care. There is no doubt, then, that this is Hannah Dill. You had better sit down, Mrs. Dill."

Mrs. Dill, having received this command, wept, but obeyed; and, observing the silence that had fallen on the company, felt her excitement suddenly give way to shame at the passionate language into which she had been betrayed. Here she was obliged to face everybody, and all eyes were upon her.

"I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon, uncles and aunts," she cried, drying her eyes with another sob.

"Mrs. Dill," continued the lawyer, "have I your attention?"

"Sir?"

"I am the lawyer who made your uncle's will. This being the day succeeding his funeral, I have just been reading it here, according to his directions."

"Indeed, sir."

"There it lies upon the table. You will please to make yourself at home here. Everything is yours."

"Mine?" with a sharp cry of amazement.

"Yours."

To say that on the instant Mrs. Dill was pleased or proud, would be quite a mistake. Compunction and confusion strove in her mind, with doubt as to whether the family would let her take what had been given her, and utter abasement at her position as a convict's wife tied her tongue. She gazed helplessly at the lawyer, who, having taken a pair of new gloves from his pocket and deliberately put them on, was now buttoning them one after the other, as if they were of more consequence than her inheritance.

So they were to him.

It may have been, perhaps, that he saw her bewilderment as she gazed at them, that he put his hands behind him and said, with slow composure, "Mrs. Dill, I have some advice to give you, in the presence of these good people."

Having said this, he presently took up the will and put it in his pocket.

"Yes, sir," she answered, the sense of his words reaching her at last; and she gathered her first feelings of possession from the deep silence around her, and from his speaking to her only.

"I advise you to make no promises whatever, and, in fact, utterly to decline any sort of discussion on business matters, till after you have seen me to-morrow morning."

Hannah Dill gazed at him, and the room seemed to be full of sighs; there was not a person present that had not heaved one.

When they reached the lawyer's ears, he

said, with rather more sharpness in his tone than he had used before, "I may hope, I suppose, that I have your attention, Mrs. Dill?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"And that you will attend to my advice, and make no promises till after you have seen me to-morrow morning."

The room was full of sighs again.

"You promise?"

"Yes, sir," she repeated, "I do."

Thereupon, having done his duty, he promptly retired, but, as if struck by an after-thought, had scarcely closed the door when he opened it again, and beckoned her out with his finger.

"Have you any money?" he whispered kindly.

"Only a few halfpence, sir."

"You would like to borrow this, then," he said, and he put two sovereigns in her hand; whereupon, feeling more relieved every instant, she returned, and, as is often the case on a great occasion, her first words were very simple and commonplace.

She looked round; no eyes met hers. It was evident that she was mistress of the situation. "Aunts and uncles," she said, in a deprecating tone, and after an awkward pause, "if you're agreeable to it, let's have our tea."

By this time the aunt who had not hitherto spoken had got the baby in her arms. The other, seeing that the matter was inevitable, constituted herself spokeswoman for the party, and said, in a way half grumbling, half ashamed,—

"Well, Hannah, I for one am willing to forgive and forget; and there's a gel down-stairs you might send out for anything you wanted—muffins, a relish, or what not."

"Or spirits," put in one of the uncles; "or, in short, anything as you might think well to hev."

Mrs. Dill sent out for new bread, fresh butter, plenty of muffins, green tea, loaf sugar, sausages, ham to fry, a bottle of gin, and a quart of milk.

When the meal was ready, the "gel" was trusted with the baby, and took it down-stairs, while they all sat down and did it full justice; but to nobody were the steaming sausages and delightful cups of hot strong tea so welcome as to Hannah Dill herself, for she had eaten nothing that day but a dry crust of bread, which her little girl, after a sufficient meal, had daintily declined, so short had she been of money till those two sovereigns, the first pledges of prosperity, touched her honest hand.

She did not preside, would not have presumed to do so. One aunt served the ham and sausages, another poured out the tea, her uncles kept the bottle of gin under their special superintendence, and all was silent satisfaction, if not harmony, till the company could eat and drink no more.

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From Fraser's Magazine.  
BOURBON.

THE ramblings of many years make one acquainted with strange, out-of-the-world nooks and corners, places somewhat apart from the lines of communication which convenience or commerce has marked out, and so not a little interesting as behind the rest of the world in manners and customs, while the beauties which nature has given to them still remain undescribed in the guide-books. And of such places there is none of which I have a more pleasant remembrance than the small island Réunion, or, as it is still popularly called, Bourbon.

To place Bourbon on the map would be a difficulty with most Englishmen; what little position in the table of geographical precedence it obtains has arisen from its next-door neighbor, Mauritius, one of the smallest of our colonies, with just enough position itself to lend a trifle to its sister isle some ninety miles away.

Standing up from the depths of the Indian Ocean, just within the tropic of Capricorn, on the edge of the south-east trade wind, and three hundred and fifty miles from the eastern coast of Madagascar, Bourbon lies far distant from the two great highways which cross those seas, while the path of the hurricanes which annually devastate that portion of the globe passes directly over it, rendering seamen anxious to give it as wide a berth as possible.

Yet Réunion is a province of France, and one she is as jealous of possessing as many nearer home. It has, moreover, for so small an island (one hundred and forty miles take you round the whole extent) an important history, and has passed through many vicissitudes since its discovery in 1513 by the Portuguese, who gave it the name *Sainte Appollonia*, subsequently *Ile Mascareigne*. Not content, however, with giving it a name, they stocked it with pigs and goats, both of which are at the present day excellent, owing to the vast quantities of wild pump-

kins, called in the island "shooshoot," upon which they feed.

Exactly one hundred years after its discovery, the English man-of-war "Pearl" came across it, and re-named it "The English Forest," from the extreme density of the vegetation, which prevented any exploration of the interior.

Thirty years later came the French, taking possession of it under the name of Bourbon, and leaving behind a few settlers, who passed their time in getting what they could out of the stony soil, and trying their luck in the richer and neighboring Madagascar. But the natives of the latter disliked intruders as much then as now, and put a stop to immigration by a general massacre of the French settlers on their island in 1674, the few survivors escaping to Bourbon; and from this time the regular occupation of it may be said to have commenced. Sugarcanes were introduced, mills for its manufacture built, and a long period of quiet ensued, during which the island increased in population and prosperity. Then came the Revolution, when the republic was proclaimed, and its name changed to Réunion.

In 1798, five years after this event, a strange incident occurred. Tippoo Saib, then fighting against the English in India, sent ambassadors to the colonial Assembly in the island, asking for soldiers to fight the English, "who were pressing on him sorely, threatening to eat up his land like a flight of locusts," a request which was granted willingly, though there is nothing to show whether the soldiers ever reached the threatened land.

Réunion not appearing suited to the rank of the empire under the new emperor, the island was again christened *Ile Bonaparte*, and, curiously enough, a statue of the *petit caporal* still stands in the centre of a fountain in the courtyard of the principal hotel in St. Denis, its blue coat, white lappels, and celebrated cocked hat untouched by all the changes in government and name which have taken place since its erection.

The island had now become flourishing; sugar-mills were numerous; planters returned to Paris with fortunes; coffee, spices, fruits of all kinds, and many cereals were said to grow in abundance. Such were the tales that reached the ears of a British squadron prowling about those seas. Report painted its capital as a Capua of pleasure and easy morals. It was, moreover, but one night's sail from the Isle of France, long coveted by the English. So one day in August, 1809, the



fleet bore up and landed a force on the island. But after holding their own for two days the blue jackets were beaten off, and re-embarked, revenging themselves by making a second landing at another part of the coast a few days after, and burning a quantity of government stores, after which the ships sailed calmly away. But the following year four thousand men disembarked and marched on the capital, where the garrison honorably capitulated, after, according to French historians, a sanguinary defence by five or six hundred National Guards. On the Champ de Mars above St. Denis, the spot where the battle was fought, stand two very ugly monuments, one to the memory of a lieutenant of H.M. 82nd Regiment, the other to the twenty-one men who lost their lives on the occasion. Of the National Guards who perished in the sanguinary conflict not a trace remains.

For five years the English held the island, when it once more fell to the French, as one of the exchanges on the abdication of Napoleon, local rumor saying in mistake for a West India island, owing to the deficient education of the then existing ministers. Finally, in 1848, Bourbon once more became known officially as Réunion, the inhabitants worthily celebrating the event by a decree emancipating the slaves, who, to the number of sixty thousand, were employed on their estates.

At a distance the island appears to be a vast mountainous mass, rising like a flattened cone from the sea, which frets and lashes itself into foam forever against its base, unprotected by coral reefs or outlying rocks, and thus unlike its neighbor Mauritius. On approaching nearer, the cone opens out into two distinct groups of mountains, united by a high neck of land, called La Plaine des Cafres; the group to the north-west culminating in the Piton des Neiges, that to the southward in the Grand Volcan, a still active volcano. These mountain groups are scarped and precipitous, deeply scored with chasms and ravines, while on all sides the silver streak of falling water peeps through the foliage which clothes all but the loftier summits. Round the coast the ground slopes gently upwards for a mile or more towards the central mountains, and is dotted with bright cane-fields, and the chimneys of numerous sugar-houses; villages cluster round the white church towers; groves of trees and orchards of fruit trees are scattered pleasantly round the outskirts; while the road that winds about

the whole circumference of the island every here and there wanders out in the coast-line just above high-water mark, and gives evidence of life and industry by the moving groups upon it.

In early morning the mountains stand out black and distinct against the sky, but as the sun rises cloud after cloud creeps up the valleys and clothes the tops in an impenetrable pall, only to dissolve as evening sets in.

The most marked of the two peaks is the Piton des Neiges, which is ten thousand and sixty-nine feet above sea-level, and the whole of this height being visible at once, the appearance it presents is most striking at all times, but when suddenly seen from the deck of a ship it is beyond expression grand and startling. I have seen it thus many times, but it has each time appeared to break upon me unexpectedly. You are peering through the haze for it just where it should be, wondering it is not there, and where it can have disappeared to; and of a sudden it will be looking down upon you from the clouds, the haze dissolving into the fields and valleys at its base; you have wearied your eyes searching for the mountain, and behold all the time they have been looking straight at it, and mistaking solid rock for sky.

The first time I sighted it was from the deck of an ocean steamer, coming from the south late one summer's evening. The ship slid silently over the long, glassy swells, every sound was hushed, every eye was strained watching for the expected land. The damp, cool smell of the land, invisible, hung about the decks; a shore bird perched upon the rigging, and chirruped plaintively; some even fancied they could hear the surf beating upon the rocks, but as yet, and night was growing on in darkening shades, there was nothing beyond ourselves but the grey sea-haze and ink-black water. The captain on the bridge had quickened his walk to and fro, and his footsteps told that he was not at ease. When, suddenly, there grew quickly out of the darkness right ahead great fires, dotted here and there, to our fancy close at hand; indeed, some declared they could see the flames leaping, and could hear the fire crackling. After that came a short moment of suspense. Then the ship swung round, leaving the fires on one hand; and above the fires a towering mass seemed to start out high over the mastsheads, showing a dim, dark outline against the sky, a huge canopy above us, rising into the heavens and blotting out the stars. And that was



Bourbon. There had been no danger; the water close inshore is fathoms deep, and the planters burning their cane trash gave us timely warning; but the sight of that great mountain toppling overhead was one to be remembered; it came at last so unexpectedly after so much expectation.

Another time I saw it was in early morning, after a night of tempest such as one meets with only in the tropics; rain, wind, thunder, and sea lit up by ghastly lightning flashes; with the whisper going round that this was the *coup-de-vent*, the much dreaded hurricane. It was the first day at sea, and everything adrift. For my part, I had rolled myself in a waterproof upon the after hatchway, and longed for daylight. And when day came, and the fat-faced, solemn-eyed French crew came squeelching along the decks among the *débris*, what a cheerless prospect it was; grey sky meeting the grey water, waves churned into froth tumbling along crossways, anyways; the steamer pitching and straining, creaking and groaning; all wet, chilled, and altogether miserable. We were due at St. Denis by eight, but eight came and there was no land, no coffee; the cook had been washed out with his fire, and the last drop in our flasks had been finished. Then they turned the ship round and began to search for the land, and in that great ocean to pick up a little island seems none too easy when the fog banks creep round you like screens. So the weary hours dragged along till noon, and then a tiny *chasse-marée* driving past us told us where we were, and we turned again. At last we saw it. A faint, green glimmer, low down, almost in the water, and that they told us was a cane-field. Then the glimmer grew distinct, and we could see the trees and hedgerows round the field, then another and another field, and the sun shining on them, and we, poor damp ones, longed to bask in that sunshine. Then more fields, a house, a church, a tiny lighthouse, and some one made a joke — we were getting better. When, of a sudden, pointing up skywards, over the mast-heads appeared a solid peak, black and clearly defined against a patch of blue, all around it wreaths of thick fog and cloud, and just this one grand bit of mother earth high overhead to make us happy; and the French passengers on board, recovering slowly, heaved sighs of relief, looking up thankfully, and pointing at it with their feebly dramatic fingers, cried out, "*A-ha ! v'la le Piton ! — bon !*"

The great drawback in a visit to Bourbon is the difficulty in landing. The tre-

mendous rollers, which hardly ever cease tumbling upon the coast, make the approach to it, especially at St. Denis, a matter of danger and discomfort; and, indeed, frequently, after heavy weather, altogether impossible. The small port at the village of St. Paul, considerably to the westward of the principal town, is easier of access, and the government have designed an artificial harbor there; but it is a dreary little place, and when you have landed at it there is still a long journey to St. Denis, whence supplies have to be drawn, and arrangements for excursions into the interior made.

St. Denis looks particularly well from the roadstead to those whose stomachs are strong enough to endure the incessant rolling of a ship at anchor there. The shipping seldom consists of more than five or six small barques hailing from Nantes or Marseilles, with the little brig-rigged man-of-war that does duty as a guard ship; and twice a month one of the fine steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Compagnie, with the mails from Aden to Mauritius. How any inside arrangements stand the motion is wonderful; indeed, how masts, spars, or cables survive that slow, constant, heavy roll is almost a marvel. From the shore the mail steamer, which lies inside the rest of the shipping, will show a good bird's-eye view of her decks, dotted with doll-like figures holding on to anything convenient as she heels towards you, then down goes the deck and up comes the huge, round, red-painted bottom, like some sea-monster, spotted with strange-looking valves and openings never meant for other eyes than fishes'; and just as you make up your mind that it is all over with her, literally and figuratively, down goes the red leviathan with a sullen heave, and round come the polished deck-houses and doll-like figures.

The western side of the roadstead is sheltered by the bold headland called Cape Bernard, a long promontory with precipitous rocky faces, forming a continuation of a spur from the central mountains. The top of the cape is flat, covered with short grass; and on one occasion, after heavy rain, I counted seven waterfalls flinging themselves from it sheer into the sea at its base. So great was the fall, that the water formed a series of arches over the road which is being cut along the face of the cliffs.

These waterfalls are a *spécialité* in the landscapes of the island. The land, as much of it as is not solid rock, is composed of conglomerates, the *débris* thrown

up by the volcanic agencies still active, and has been gashed and dug into everywhere by the torrential rains that prevail, the result being large plateaux of table-land, with a tendency to slope seawards, seamed with deep valleys, or rather ravines, over whose absolutely precipitous sides the water escapes in countless, ever-graceful cascades. After a heavy storm it is easy to count many dozens of these cascades from any single spot in one of the valleys, and a very beautiful and striking feature they make, some dissolving into spray half-way, others shooting downwards in an ever-varying succession of water rockets, until they dash against the rocks at the bottom with a loud roar.

Inside Cape Bernard are the white houses of St. Denis nestling together, with lines of palms and forest trees between; perhaps as much greenery as houses, and charmingly inviting after the long sea voyage that most of those who visit Bourbon must endure. Conspicuous in the centre of the town stands the naval hospital, a square, many-windowed building overlooking every other, even to Government House, which peeps out of a grove of palms and other huge-leaved trees below. Not far from the hospital is the cathedral, ugly and whitewashed, the roof of which appears to be the special aversion of each recurring hurricane, and blows away on the slightest provocation. A double row of beautiful cayenne palms round the cathedral do what is possible to veil its hideous shape, and are one of the sights of St. Denis. Some fortifications, and the remains of a sea wall knocked to pieces by the rollers, form the left of the picture. This sea wall was built of huge blocks of concrete, and the strange jumble which the sea has worked gives them a very extraordinary resemblance to a railway train which has run off the line and toppled over the embankment. Behind the town the hills rise quickly to the rugged mass about the Piton des Neiges; those lower down covered with vegetation and dotted with the summer villas of the inhabitants; higher up are gaunt pine-trees, above them rock, black, naked, and riven into chasms and great water gullies. Facing the sea is a massive sea wall against which the rollers race and tumble, casting volumes of spray across the quay to the frequent wetting of the people who are watching, working, or idling, as the case may be. Several spider-like iron piers stretch themselves seawards from the quays, and along the whole frontage runs a tree-lined boulevard, with a flagstaff won-

derfully rigged at one end, from which hangs a most puzzling display of flags, balls, and cones, announcements of shipping coming in or leaving.

But all this time the passengers, green-faced and damp, have been preserving their centres of gravity on the unsteady deck, longing for dear old *terra firma*, and listening in a helpless sort of way to the most dispiriting rumors which are current about the surf to-day. *Ras de marée* is the local term for it, and with the "coolie question" and hurricanes is a standing topic in the island, and one which it is well to get on terms with as soon as possible if you intend any social intercourse with the inhabitants. This same *ras de marée* is no imaginary grievance, it is a very real obstacle indeed to the development of the island, all intercourse between the shipping and the shore being frequently cut off for days together when it occurs. More than this, it is, I believe, one of those natural phenomena the cause of which is hardly yet understood. A French writer of repute in the island says:—

The phenomenon called *ras de marée* is very remarkable. Thus are called all heavy seas of which the effect does not make itself felt except on the coast, whilst at sea or in the roadstead they are merely enormous swells. These irregular movements of the sea strike successively the various coasts of the island, sometimes with a force so great as to demolish the most solid landing-places. They are often more to be feared along the coast than the hurricanes; they seem to be governed by the passage of cyclones at a great distance from the island, and are more particularly felt in the fine season from April to November, when hurricanes are passing through the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope.

Meantime a number of clumsy-looking boats have been making for the ship, large, strong-built craft, pulled by six or eight men and steered by another in the stern, all provided with strong and heavy-looking oars; and it is not till they come alongside that we see how enormous are the rollers which slide away shorewards with so easy a motion under the steamer's bottom. However, the water is unbroken, and the boats, though clumsy, are skilfully managed and to leeward of the ship, and no sooner has the *pratique* officer hauled up his flag than the crews pounce upon us, carrying off the weakest and most seasick into their boats without further ceremony. The more sturdy wait and bargain for a passage, the standing fare being ten francs for a short half-mile. Although competition appears to be most active amongst the

boatmen, the greater part of the boats belong to a company which obligingly takes you ashore without asking for payment, a form of French politeness I heard much praised until the disillusion arrived some hours afterwards in the person of the company's collector at your hotel, accompanied by his modest account of ten francs per head.

The way to get into the boats is to spring bodily into destruction, as it appears; before you have reached the horrid racing water you will be dexterously caught by the boatmen; but it is better to keep your head and wait till the boat is rising, two conditions not easy to fulfill upon a heaving, slippery ladder, with the water surging as often over your ankles as a dozen feet below them, the boat bobbing up and down like a cork, the cries of the boatmen urging you with many a strangely sounding expression to spring, and a fellow behind, impatient of delay, pushing energetically. A fellow passenger, in the agony of the supreme moment, shut his eyes firmly, ran down the ladder, and sprang out some distance beyond the boat, the men only just succeeding in securing him by one leg, and hauling him in half choked and dripping freely. A small fat priest who followed was most ludicrous in his terror, but by surrendering himself absolutely to the boatmen, did the best thing possible, and was safely tossed in, falling on another person's lap with a soft thud, and narrowly escaping a baby that had been handed in just before. I never saw any one so helpless from fright as this poor little priest.

We were landed at the pier-head, the inner harbor being unapproachable. The ladies were hauled up in a bucket, the men springing on to the dripping steps as the boat lifted. Above was a crowd assisting with advice loudly shouted in an undistinguishable *patois*. The priest sprang, too, but missed his footing, and the hungry swell rose up, sucking him in till nothing was left to mark his presence but the fat, appealing face and two outstretched arms, caught luckily by the men ashore, and so he was hauled out and trundled away by a brother ecclesiastic, leaving a long trail of drippings to show the way he went.

In fine weather the ordinary landing-place is approached through an archway, under which the boat shoots just when you have made up your mind that nothing can save it from being dashed to pieces against the sea wall. On a second visit to the island the officials were good enough to send the port captain's boat for my use, a long, handsome gig, which looked per-

fectly safe on the calm sea. But when just abreast of the archway the stern was lifted by a huge roller, the rudder lost its power, and we slid forwards on the swell against the face of the sea wall. There was barely time to fling ourselves into the bottom of the boat when the crash came, and boatmen, aide-de-camp, port captain, and myself were thrown violently into each other's arms. Fortunate it was that we hit the wall fairly, "stem on," and the following roller was a small one, so that the men were able to get hold of their oars and back her off amid the shrieks of a crowd on the quay, gesticulating and screaming orders as only a French crowd can. At our second attempt we were more successful, and shot the archway with no further harm to remind us of the accident than some "barked" shins, and a couple of swollen faces which had come in contact with the oars.

These rollers cast up vast quantities of shingle, and it is a curious sight on landing to see a hundred or more convicts waft high in the water under the sea wall, stooping down, as the rollers back seawards, in search of the larger pebbles, which are carried off in small baskets by other convicts; a somewhat primitive mode of dredging, but the only one, so the port captain assured me, possible on account of the swell. It must be chilly work for the poor wretches, varied by many a mouthful of salt water as the swell rolls in and souses them over head and ears. Of course it is only in the calmest weather such an operation can be attempted.

St. Denis is not remarkable for vivacity. For an hour or two before mass on Sunday mornings there are people, mostly women and lads in the uniform of the various *lycées*, about the streets. On the arrival of the mail steamer there will be a few groups gathered along the quay; and from 4 P.M. to 6 P.M. the courtyard of the *Hôtel de l'Europe* is thronged with domino-players; indeed, the click of these abominable bits of bone is seldom silent somewhere or other about the premises. These hours form, however, the fashionable time, when business is over, and the poor, hard-worked fellows, who have been in their offices from 7 A.M. till 10 A.M., wake up from their post-prandial *siesta* and trot off to the hotel to enjoy the dissipations of dominoes, scandals, and absinthe. One thing which strikes the stranger is the number of public offices. Everything possible seems to possess its bureau, with a long, high-sounding title. They are in every street, and appear to have elbowed the shops out into

the most inconvenient positions. Amongst these that of a chemist is very far the best. He is noted for chocolate prepared on the premises from cocoa grown in the island, and said to be superior to that of home manufacture. Few people leave St. Denis without a supply; and as the price is high, he is one of the few Bourbonese who can be said to be making money, for in addition to the chocolate he drives a roaring trade in drugs and cosmetics, for which the French creole has a decided partiality.

The streets run at right angles and are cleanly kept. The best, the Rue de Paris, is handsome enough to take rank with many better-known nearer home. It stretches from the water's edge to the entrance gates of the Jardin des Plantes, situated on the outskirts of the town, a distance of nearly two miles. Midway is the Hôtel de Ville, a modern building, glaringly obtrusive in a fresh coat of white-wash. Inside, however, is a magnificent ball-room, decorated after the time of Louis Quinze; the ceiling is most lavishly gilded and embossed, and the mirrors and chandeliers handsome to a degree. The lower part of the street is devoted to business, that portion above the Hôtel de Ville forming the "west end" of St. Denis. Here the houses are of two stories, with open verandahs, and trellis work of light and graceful designs round the upper balconies; their clean white painted sides showing prettily through the luxuriant foliage which surrounds them. Pleasant-looking summer-houses are built in the corner of each garden, so as to command a view of up and down the street, and in them early and late the family will be collected, watching for any acquaintances who may be passing, or making good-natured remarks on every one and everything. Pretty faces are by no means rare, but outrageously ugly ones, smeared and painted, are to be seen as well. The younger girls are pale, but piquant and full of French vivacity and sparkle; too fond of improving their faces with violet powder, till they look as if the cook had shaken the flour-dredger over them, and stiffening out their black hair, of which they are justly proud, until by reason of extreme fuzziness their heads look like untidy birds' nests. The length and luxuriance of their hair is attributed to cocoanut oil, the effect not counterbalancing its peculiarly disagreeable smell; the fuzziness to sugar and water, a hint I throw out for our lady friends at home. Most of the women are excellent musicians, playing with great execution, while not a few possess voices

that would have little to dread if produced before a European audience.

In the centre of the Place d'Armes, beside Government House, stands a well-executed statue in bronze of Mahé de la Bourdonnais, the great French administrator and explorer, whose name is in the East what Columbus is in the West. Opposite the cathedral there is a really beautiful fountain, also in bronze, the gift of a former *maire*, but with these exceptions art is unrepresented in St. Denis.

The currency is chiefly paper, circulating of course only in the island; the coins being French copper, and old francs of doubtful, if any value, bearing dates as early as the beginning of the century. They are thin, tinny affairs, the production of which in any other country would lead in all probability to an interview with the police.

In the botanical gardens are some seats, each made of one joint of a whale's vertebræ. These gardens are well laid out and neatly kept, but lack life most sadly, few people visiting them although they are situated close to the centre of the town. On the evenings when the military band plays there are a few promenaders, but the "rank and fashion," for reasons known to themselves, keep away. In the centre of the gardens stands the museum, containing a large collection of birds, some fish, and a few animals. There are also interesting displays of shells, minerals, and crustaceæ, the latter excessively numerous. The suit of clothes in which a celebrated *maroon* lived for several years preceding his capture is among the miscellaneous curiosities.

So short a time ago as 1877, the coolie question was all important in Bourbon, the laborers imported from India having found an advocate in an energetic British consul who probed the matter to its root, and found the state of the immigrant in too many cases was only another name for a state of slavery. So a war of words and of official letters ensued; the Indian government threatened to put a stop to all immigration to the island, the island retaliating that the grievances were all moonshine, that the coolie really was the master, and so on. The upshot was the appointment of a "mixed commission," consisting of an Indian official and a captain in the French navy, who have since visited the island and set the matter at rest, for the present at least. I have no intention to enter into this vexed coolie question here. From its very nature it is one which will always secure warm advo-

cates on both sides, each party having so much of right behind them. But my own experience, which is founded on many years spent among coolies both in India and in the colonies, is that the coolie is much better able to protect his own interests than his protectors give him credit for, and that employers, with few exceptions, find it to their advantage to treat their laborers even better than the law lays down.

St. Denis possessed in 1860, when the last census was taken, thirty-six thousand inhabitants, and is at its best but a dull town of the type usual in many parts of provincial France. To enjoy the beauties of Bourbon we must visit the interior. The townsfolk are mostly government officials and merchants, subject to frequent removal. The aristocracy of the island are the planters, who live on their estates surrounded by their children and their families in patriarchal state, only leaving them to pay an occasional visit to their town mansion when the opera is open or the governor gives a reception.

*La bella saison*, as the months from May to October are termed, is the signal for every one who can manage the trip to be off to one of the sanitarium amongst the mountains. Fine weather, dry and fresh, may be expected; snow now and then causes a sensation by powdering the higher peaks, and a climate second to none can be enjoyed by those whose constitutions have been debilitated by the *hivernage*, the season of heat and rain which extends over the remaining six months of the year.

Two of these resorts lie on either side of the Piton des Neiges; Hellbourg, or, as it is more familiarly called, Salazie, on the east; Cilaos on the west. Between the two is Mâfate, smaller and less convenient of access than the others. Any of them can be reached from St. Denis in a day. But the attractions of the two first named include a *source* of mineral water, while at Salazie are the governor's villa and the military hospital, with corresponding society in the persons of his Excellency's staff, and the officers who in turn enjoy the privilege of passing a part of their foreign service in the hills.

The natural features of the places differ very widely. Salazie nestles amid thick woods, the trees festooned with shooshoot vines, interlacing the branches overhead, and arching across the countless streams which intersect them. Cilaos stands in the centre of the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded by a chaos of blackened

rocks, and lava masses split and riven into strangely contorted shapes, desolate, and with but the scantiest of vegetation. Mâfate is built on the sides of a valley, grim and destitute of beauty, so steep that the houses, built one above the other, look like steps clambering to get out of it. Salazie has the further advantage of a good carriage road as far as the village of that name, the remaining five miles only having to be performed on foot, on ponies by the lazy, or in a *fauteuil* by the sick. Cilaos and Mâfate are only reached after a fatiguing journey by one or other of these latter methods.

The journey to Salazie can be performed in the diligence, but much more comfortably by hiring a carriage for some fifty francs, and posting the whole distance of thirty-four kilometres. The carriage is a roomy, old-fashioned barouche, showing signs of much battering, broken springs, and rusty iron-work; but the horses are changed at every six or eight miles, and the driver, excited by hopes of extra *pour-boire* from "*les cochons Anglais*," as he will call them to his comrades this evening, whips them up to their utmost speed. You pass through the long street, the Rue de Salazie, skirted by funny band-box-looking houses, which straggle alongside in every stage of decay and tumble-downness, until the road, broad and well-kept, which runs parallel with the coast round the island, is reached. The Bourbonese are proud, and justly so, of their road; fully forty feet wide, its length is two hundred and thirty-two kilometres, and many years were consumed, and many difficulties overcome, before it was completed in 1854. The first difficulty occurs a few miles out of St. Denis, where the road crosses the Rivière des Galets, a rapid mountain stream which finds its way to the sea in several channels cut through a delta of shingle and *débris*, the accumulation of ages. A bridge spans the river under the mountains before it divides, but to reach it necessitates a *détour* of four miles along a bad road, and so it is only used when the causeways on the main road have been washed away. In the rainy season this is a frequent occurrence, and gangs of men are kept on the spot to repair damages. The causeways are built up of the larger pebbles loosely packed together, the centre filled with shingle, and covered with straw and earth just above the ordinary level of the stream, which percolates freely through the interstices as long as the river remains low. But the first "fresh" overflowing the top finds out



the weak spots in the dam, as the causeway has now become, eating out great gaps, and soon obliterates all signs of the road. Then ensues a wonderful scene of confusion. The traffic accumulates on either bank; carriages, sugar-carts, hawkers' vans, parties of coolies proceeding to or from work, pedestrians, all form two gradually increasing crowds, gesticulating, swearing, or asking questions of the overseers, who shake their heads wisely and foretell days of delay at the least. Now a fat Frenchman, excited to despair, whips up his horses and plunges into the river, his wife screaming with fear and trying to poke herself through the tightly closed *soufflet*; the horses, frightened in turn at the water which surges about their legs, wheel sharp round, and the carriage is all but upset; the road laborers make a rush, and with great clamoring drag the whole affair back, stopping every now and again to continue the argument with the still excited proprietor. In the end the river has the best of it, the carriages turn and drive back, the crowds melt away, and the luckless ones whom the stream happens to have caught between two of its channels, having their retreat barred, make preparation for camping out or start off in search of shelter.

Some of us made the passage of this river after the road had been destroyed, and when the water was decreasing; but it required a good deal of insular determination, and a terrible number of francs. The first three branches were passed without great difficulty, but the fourth taxed all our energies. The bed of the river consisted of great water-worn boulders, over which no carriage could have passed even if they had been dry. But they were covered with several feet of rapid water, and were slippery withal. So the horses were taken out and led across by a dozen men standing on the side away from the direction of the stream, and terrible work it was for the poor animals. However, they got across safely and shook themselves. Then came the carriage, which was seized by the whole gang of some forty men, and lifted bodily across. Lastly came ourselves, and our baggage, hoisted on the shoulders of groups of six, and right glad were all of us when the opposite bank was reached without a mishap.

So the bridging of the Rivière des Galets still remains to be done. But it is where the road passes across the south-east of the island that difficulties have been met with and have been overcome. Here the lava stream which issues

from the Grand Volcan pours itself into the coast. Rugged cliffs present their faces to the waves; landslips are of constant occurrence; nature everywhere is hard, unyielding, and inhospitable. This lava stream is a feature in the island. It begun to flow as far back as 1745 near the village of St. Rose, but so slowly that in 1862 it had only covered a few acres of land, curving round the forests of the Grand Brulé, where the surface is strewn with decomposed trunks of an ancient vegetation, while the trees of the present era stand erect as on an island in its centre. Some families of creoles live on the edge of the lava, and are continually on the look-out for the sudden springs which it takes; the most remarkable of these having occurred in 1844, when the creoles were obliged to fly for their lives, abandoning their huts, and only carrying with them such articles as they could snatch up in their hurried flight.

The road crosses the Grand Brulé, and climbs along the face of the cliffs above St. Rose, suspended as it were against their face, with a giddy out-look upon the surf tumbling far below. The expense of construction must have been enormous and to little purpose, the traffic being limited, as the planters preferred sending their sugar to St. Denis by way of the sea.

Nearer St. Denis, however, the road is lively enough. Planters in handsome carriages, both vehicle and harness as gaudy as brass work can make them; some veritable "glass coaches," more often barouches, the hood pulled well over, and the space between it and the driver covered by a leather apron closely buttoned down so as to exclude both air and light; the black coachman in the seediest of cast-off clothes, only equalled in badness by his "shocking bad" hat, with both arms extended as if he wanted two to drive with and a third for the whip. Comfortable looking priests saying their breviaries in their gigs; sugar-wagons drawn by three magnificent Poitou mules harnessed abreast, the wheels creaking, and the Indian drivers in gay-colored clothes running alongside and cracking their whips incessantly; groups of coolies in holiday clothes, reds and yellows boldly mingled, the women with huge nose-rings carrying the baggage or the baby; overseers in blouses; gangs of convicts in blue dungaree and straw hats, the cocked hats of the attendant *gardes* more thoroughly French than anything else, even when every trifle, from the carts on the right-hand side of the road to the groups of flat-faced peasants



drinking strange *sirops* in the wayside *boutiques*, reminds an Englishman that he is not at home.

Every now and again the road emerges on to the beach, and the waves lapping against the shingle form a welcome relief from the dust and monotony of the rest. Here and there a *chasse-marée* is rolling at her anchor, while farther out the yellow shore water meets the blue in a line as distinct as if drawn with a ruler.

Hedges of hybiscus fringe the wayside, the red flowers almost unnatural from their size and bright color. Palms are plentiful, the graceful raffia in the hollows by the water; the screw palm, or *vacoa*, as it is called here, remarkable for its cotton-wool-like flower and queer roots, which shoot out of the stem some feet above the ground, and straggle towards it in the quaintest shapes. This palm bears a large round seed, covered with knobs, which is, however, useless; the long, spear-shaped leaves are of more value for the manufacture of bags for sugar.

Every few miles will be a sugar-mill, tidy and neat as much brushing (*corvée*, it is here called) and whitewash can make it if the crop is finished; untidy to a degree never attained by an English farmyard if the *coupe* is going on. Strings of carts bristling like porcupines with canes are creaking in at one end to tilt their loads beside the door of the crushing-mill; others empty are clattering off after more; *bagasse* is drying in heaps about the yard, "cane trash" fluttering everywhere on business of its own; stray mules being chased, the engine puffing, groups of black urchins chewing sugarcane, and hosts of employers and employed hurrying here, there, and everywhere: all is bustle, confusion, and noise. Sugar manufacture in Bourbon and Mauritius has been brought to a wonderful pitch of excellence. Some of the best chemists have made it a study, and machinery is imported by English and French firms who have made it their sole business; and a person on entering a sugar-mill for the first time would not fail to be struck with the order which exists and with the powerful machines which are arranged round the building.

Enormous sums are embarked in the speculation; the time of trial with planters being the *entre-coupe*, the time which must elapse between the cutting of one crop and the cutting of the next, when wages are going out and nothing coming in. This lasts from January to June, and there are few planters who have not to resort to the "banks" for assistance dur-

ing that time; and with money on first line mortgage at nine per cent., with two and a half per cent. more to the broker who procures it, the embarrassed planter has a rough time of it. To this must be added the risk of a hurricane, when in a few hours a whole crop is blown bodily out of the ground; droughts which dry up the juice so that the yield does not pay for the labor expended on it; excessive rain, when the canes go altogether to top; "borers," rats, wild pigs, and monkeys, all natural enemies of a free sugar basin on the "free breakfast table," and enough will have been said to show that a planter has his trials like other men. The great invention of late years in sugar manufacture has been the vacuum pan, a large copper retort in which the syrup is boiled *in vacuo*, a process which hastens crystallization so much that canes cut in the morning appear as sugar fit for the market the same evening. These vacuum pans are an object of great pride to the planters, and a Frenchman, when showing his mill, will point affectionately to the great copper globe, and descant on its merits just as an Englishman will expatiate on the beauties of a favorite horse. After having been boiled to the proper consistency, the syrup is passed on to the *turbines*, when in a few minutes the treacly mass is whirled into sugar. It is then shovelled into the bags and sewn up ready for shipment. The bags are double, weighing each when full about two hundredweight, and are a well-known feature on the roads of Bourbon. Sometimes you will meet a wagon piled high with them, the drivers gay with ribbons, and a flag flying from the end of a bamboo which is stuck in the front of the wagon. This is "first sugar," and is an object of interest to many of the travellers, who are thus able to know something about their neighbor's business without further trouble than reading the name of the owner on the sugar-bags.

The yard of a sugar-mill is usually enclosed by long sheds, open at the sides and filled with a soft white substance. This is *bagasse*, the woody portion of the canes which remains after crushing, and is stored away for fuel, one of the greatest requirements of a planter. These sheds not unfrequently catch fire, and then the blaze is tremendous. An ingenious machine for drying the *bagasse* as soon as it leaves the crushing-mill has recently come into use on some estates, thus saving the trouble of storing, as it is made available for the furnaces almost as soon as crushed. Another queer-looking thing on

the premises is a tall framework, painted black, in shape not unlike a house without the sides. This is a water-cooler, the hot water from the condenser being forced up to the top and allowed to fall through several stages covered with brushwood until it arrives at the bottom nearly cold and ready to be used over again; thus necessity, in the shape of an insufficient water supply, has become the mother of invention.

Villages along the road are numerous, some with a church, *mairie*, *corps de garde*; others mere hamlets. A change of horses is made at the larger villages amid a gathering of all the available population, who come to hear the news from the gay capital, or to take a peep at *les Anglais*, who are rare objects in the island.

At St. Suzanne is a lighthouse marking the position of two outlying rocks, reported as being the only ones in the way of navigation about the whole coast. Here the road first quits the sea, turning towards the interior to avoid the Rivière du Mât, which is crossed higher up. Twenty-six kilometres from St. Denis brings us to the village of St. Andrée, with its fine church and mouldy-looking châteaux. It possesses, moreover, a charming roadside shop, where one can refresh on sardines, *gruyère*, home-made cake, and oranges, with good Bordeaux ale in bottles, labelled so as to resemble, rather suspiciously, Bass. Upstairs is a bedroom, most invitingly clean for the use of those who care to break the long journey, St. Andrée being the half-way house. The village has its own history, which is pretty sure to be told to you if you talk to any of its inhabitants, and which relates of an insurrection, when the "tree of liberty" was cut down, and the *bonnet rouge* hoisted in its place; for which offence the commune was punished by suppression, its church was pulled down, and the land divided between the neighboring districts, a sentence afterwards revoked in 1798.

As we were waiting for the mules, which from St. Andrée are to pull the carriages in place of horses, an old peasant drove up in a donkey cart and proceeded to refresh, first, however, turning the donkey's head round so as to face the way he had just come. It was done so deliberately that one of the party asked him his reasons. Politely taking off his hat the old fellow said: "But, sirs, I turn the head of Jeanne, so that looking towards the farm I possess she will say to herself, 'Now again that hard one requires me to turn thither,' and Jeanne, who is so sensible,

will not move until I bid her with my whip; did I leave her otherwise, would not she see her stable at St. Suzanne and start of her own accord?"

The mules, three abreast, are now harnessed, an extra *pour-boire* given to the coachman, and a start is made amid general expressions of doubt as to the state of the road and the terrible landslips which report said had carried it away. The scenery hitherto has not called for much remark, the Piton has been hidden by nearer mountains, and sugarcane fields are green and monotonous. Now the road enters the gorge of the Rivière du Mât, and the traveller is at once transported into a strange and beautiful land. On either side are perpendicular cliffs, clothed with so luxuriant a foliage as to make it difficult to understand how the stems supporting it can find room for their roots. No trace of the cliff itself can be seen except in places where the waterfalls have cleared paths, everywhere else is a wealth of greenery unsurpassed. Bosses of ferns stud the base, luxuriating in the spray from the cascades which load the air with gentle and almost incessant rain; briars of the wild raspberry reach across the road, the scarlet fruit hanging in bunches hardly touched by the passers-by, and creepers send down long woody trails to dangle and lay hold of the nearest stem. Higher up are forest trees, a single palm here and there standing loftily over the rest, but dwarfed to the size of a walking-stick by the height. Over all is a tracery of vine-like leaves, festoons, and airy hangings, the work of the shooshoot gourd. On all sides this paradise of verdure extends, the windings of the valley shut out the way you have come and the road that you are following. Cascades innumerable dash headlong from the crest, or burst out of some crevice hidden amongst the foliage. Some reach the bottom with a roar, in a never-ending succession of water rockets, shooting from ledge to ledge, others dissolve mid-air in a lace-like tracery of mist. Many arching across the road allow of a passage underneath with no further wetting than the fine spray can give, while not a few trickle lazily down the rock-faces for the special benefit of the maiden-hair and other tender ferns. A notable one amongst them is the Cascade de la Demoiselle, which falls in a long, delicate filament white as snow, without the slightest break from top to bottom, a distance I am afraid to guess.

The centre of the valley is taken up by the shingle-covered course of the Rivière

du Mât, the stream, of the color and consistency of *café au lait*, occupying but a small portion; boulders, portions of the banks, and drift timber strewn the remainder.

The soft conglomerate of which the cliffs are composed is continually dropping away; sometimes a mass of many hundred tons detaches itself, destroying every vestige of a road, and sometimes damming up the river. Wherever a large boulder has become imbedded, there, sooner or later, will be a landslip varying in size with that of the boulder. Small stones and clods of earth are always falling, splashing up the mud close to the carriage or popping into the river from overhead with a nasty rattle. In several places the carriage had to be emptied of its load and dragged over a freshly fallen mass; at one, indeed, where the road was represented by a hole and a running stream, it was for some time a matter of uncertainty whether or not the prophets of ill we left behind us at St. Andrée would not have the pleasure of seeing their words come true in our return.

Here and there, stuck away in snug nooks, are cabins surrounded by patches of tobacco or maize, and a collection of cocks and hens and children scrambling round the door.

A telegraph wire follows the road, making gigantic stretches overhead by way of short cuts, but it has fallen in places, and the company has burst up. How the scheme was ever expected to pay a dividend is one of those puzzles to which there is no answer. Almost its only use was to warn the few people at Salazie who wished to leave by the steamer of its arrival, and that business only extended over six months of each year. So the company failed, and the disused wire hangs across the ravines in long, baggy cobwebs.

Presently the valley opens out ahead, the carriage crosses the river by a good bridge, and then clatters up the main street of the village of Salazie into a stableyard, apparently the joint establishment of carriage proprietors, goods-carts, and the withered old fellow who lets out ponies and *fauteuils* for the remainder of the journey.

Salazie is not the place I should like to turn up in without a franc in my pocket. The people who live there do so for money-getting only. There are no attractions in the village, the scenery is tamer than at any other spot on the road; it is hot and unhealthy, and necessities of life have to be carried up from below and the carriage makes them expensive; so no one lives at Salazie for the mere pleasure of the

thing. It is a place at which all travellers bound to or from the *source* must stop perforce; all others who do not stop there perforce do so for the sake of getting something out of those who do; a mild species of money-making after all, since six francs will get you a pony and one franc is the price of a porter all the way to Hellbourg; but then francs are somewhat rare in Bourbon, and one of them would make an English half-crown look small if judged by the relative purchasing powers of the two coins.

The ponies are half-starved little beasts with ancient saddles none too clean, the whole turn-out anything but reassuring to a stranger. The *fauteuil* is a wooden chair slung on two poles and carried by four men, also a very jolty, rickety-looking affair. Unless a man is an invalid, I should say, after an inspection of these two ways of reaching the end of his journey, that he will choose a third mode, and set off to do the eight kilometres on foot, sure of seeing some wonderfully beautiful scenery on the short cuts the guides will take him, and of a keen appetite for the good fare awaiting him at Cuzard's Hotel.

There is a *boutique* where you can refresh yourself on sardines, Bordeaux ale, and capital bread; but you will moreover be begged at perseveringly, all the time, through windows which can't shut and doors which won't, by very ugly old women and pertinacious cripples; and the inducements for remaining at Salazie are few. From the village the Piton des Neiges first comes into sight if the clouds will allow, but the view is disappointing. The peak looks better from a distance; nearer, its pointed form disappears, and an unbroken wall of bare rock, ending in a saw-back at the highest point, is left to represent it. This arises from the fact that the actual peak has been tumbled off during some convulsion of nature, the two slopes on either side running up regularly enough until they reach the saw-back ridge, which is the base of the central portion now fallen. From a distance this is not noticed, and the mountains on either side group themselves so as to appear as parts of the great central mass.

Above Salazie the river has forced a way through a deep cañon, the sides bare and perpendicular, and along the edge of this chasm the road winds, sometimes so close as to require masonry supports, at all times perilously near. An angle where the river made a sharp bend had been carried away, and a party of convicts were busy cutting into the bank behind for a

new road. Presently a pretty suspension bridge is seen in front, and that crossed, the road quits the river to work up the broken ground under the Piton.

The gorge now opens out into a circular valley shut in entirely by mountains. In front is the wall-like chain, which terminates in the Piton des Neiges, several miles in length and seven thousand feet above the floor of the valley. The remainder of the circle is enclosed by peaks and strangely contorted mountains, the most remarkable the Montagne d'Enseigne, a tall, blunted cone, almost entirely bare of vegetation. Three distinct plateaux fill up the centre of the valley, eaten away on the north by the Rivière du Mât, and on the second of these Hellbourg is built. These plateaux resemble gigantic steps, the flat part being, roughly speaking, a mile in breadth, the perpendicular part one quarter of that distance. As you ascend, and the mountains close in behind, you find yourself in the centre of a vast bowl, from which there is no escape. You stand, in fact, on the floor of the crater of an extinct volcano, strewn with *débris* but partially hidden with vegetation. Here a good-sized hill of boulders, water-worn or blistered with heat, the crevices filled with tufaceous mould, supporting the most luxuriant crops of tobacco, coffee, or maize. Here another of clay, fiery red as if still glowing with the heat of long extinct fire, bare or partially covered with jungle or scrub; and here, sleeping in the middle of the chaos, a lake-deep blue, its surface protected by the mountains, still unruffled, still as glass; a single palm tree on a point of land, flinging its shadow half across the water, every leaf distinct. This is the *mare aux poules d'eau*, and on the farther shore are the buildings which compose the homestead of a French family who have chosen this favored spot for their home. If the weather is fine and it is afternoon there will be a boat on the lake, and in it two pretty girls, daughters of the house, who row themselves about and awake the echoes with their voices.

The house is historical. To Monsieur Cazeau belongs the honor of being the first inhabitant of the valley. He made plantations as far back as 1829, and built his house on the banks of the lake. Then it was two days' journey to the next neighbor's house, and M. Cazeau is said to have suffered great privations from his isolated position. His courage was, however, rewarded, his crops flourished in the virgin soil rich in volcanic earths, and other settlers soon joined him. Then in 1831 came

the discovery of the *source* four miles higher up, by a Monsieur Villiers-Adam, who came across it by accident while shooting in the almost impenetrable forests which surrounded it; and with it the opening of roads and bridges, followed by the rapid populating of the district.

Some straggling coffee-gardens mark the approach to the village of Hellbourg, though the term "garden" seems rather misapplied to the unfenced and stony slopes on which the trees flourish. The coffee tree or shrub is allowed a growth of five or six feet in height, all the lower branches being trimmed off, so that the top has something the shape of an open umbrella; the leaves are dark green, of the size and shape of the laurel, only more marked, and the berries cluster as thickly as possible along the smaller branches, their bright crimson color when ripe adding greatly to the beauty of the trees. Within this soft crimson envelope lies the familiar berry, needing only to be freed from its covering to be ready for the market. Bourbon coffee is made up for export in bags of neatly plaited matting, each containing about ten pounds. The stems are extremely straight in growth, and the wood being white and susceptible of taking a high polish, they are much sought after for walking-sticks, and canes for umbrellas.

Here and there are patches of tobacco, its broad flapping leaves not unlike beet; these, when cut and dried, are rolled into an enormous *carotte*, sharp at both ends and wound tightly round with dark-colored sinnit. It is, however, an uncertain crop, unfavorable weather affecting its quality in a manner which cannot be detected until it is ready for use, while the process of drying requires more attention and better appliances than the cultivators can afford; and thus but a small quantity of really good tobacco finds its way to St. Denis, where it readily sells at prices equal to the best American. Besides these two products, potatoes and onions are grown in considerable quantities and are largely exported to Mauritius.

Fruit used to be excellent and plentiful, but all-absorbing sugar has claimed many of the orchards for its own. Mangoes and Avoca pears can still be obtained cheaply and of most excellent flavor. Pineapples, guavas, and litchies are also plentiful, but, except in a few gardens held by rich planters, are poor and insipid.

Above the coffee plantations the road widens and becomes the "Boulevard." Houses, square wooden boxes, shaded by

weeping willows, dot the wayside; then comes the sole shop in the village, its collection of *choses et marchandises à bon marché*, as its signboard informs you, about as multifarious as human ingenuity could bring together; the gendarmerie with its good-humored group of cocked hats lolling outside, smoking cigarettes; and lastly the goal of every creole visitor, after the toils and ardors of the road up, the white gateway over which swings the suggestive sign "Hôtel Cuzard." A long garden path, overhung with trees, leads you from the boulevard into the verandah, which forms three-fourths of the hotel. For in it you breakfast, tiffin, take afternoon coffee, dine, smoke, play écarté or dominoes, arrange mountain ascents with your guides, and generally live, and sometimes sleep, during your stay at Cuzard's.

This verandah room is fully twenty-five feet broad, and long enough to dine forty people in comfort. Behind it are some stuffy rooms seldom used; in front, a low railing, over which as you lean you look down a beautifully wooded ravine across the stream at the bottom to the *source*, and away above that again to the Grand Piton, here towering close overhead, now glowing fiery red in the early morning sun, or grey and ghostly in the gathering night. Dotted right and left are the church, the military hospital, the governor's villa, and a dozen other cottages nestling in the undergrowth; and at your elbow is M. Cuzard with a tempting dish, steaming fragrantly, prepared for the special benefit of an appetite almost forgotten, and his coaxing voice — "*Goûtez-moi ça, mon bon ami!*"

Cuzard was a Danish sailor who, eighteen years ago, turned up in the island, and since that time has invented the present hotel, much to his credit but less to his profit, the expense of carrying everything from St. Denis over roads often impassable for days, to a place which exists for only six months in each year, being enormous; while the customers are needy creoles with huge appetites and slender purses. The poor landlord too has borrowed much of his capital from a local usurer at the rate of interest, it is said, of forty per cent. The one disagreeable feature of this hotel is this same village usurer, who, got up almost melodramatically for the part, spends the whole of his available time on the premises, eating and drinking out his interest, and keeping a keen eye on the balance being taken out by the visitors. Still Cuzard goes on, and is one of the foremost inhabitants of the place, provid-

ing a capital dinner, either at the hotel or at your house, as you may choose, for a mere trifle. His last move was a trip to Mauritius, where he raised a good sum of money by issuing debentures to be redeemed by the consumption of dinners at his hotel the next time the wandering footsteps of the subscribers came that way; the fact that he actually placed his debentures on such slender security proving how much he is esteemed by his best, indeed his only profitable customers.

Dotted about the garden are pavilions for sleeping, billiards, and so on; behind the hotel a wonderful range of sheds — Cuzard's kitchen; outside they look like pigstyes; inside, on dressers scrubbed snow-white, are capons trussed for the spit, joints of mutton or pork, brawns (for which he is justly noted), salads, sweets, and pastry, all turned out by the clever little fellow's own hands; and if you want to get into his good books, a turn round his kitchen is time not wasted.

Above, the stephanotis flings its sweet clusters, wild-growing coleas flaunt their jewelled leaves along the boundary fence, caladiums nod and rustle in the water-course, aloes group themselves stiffly, as if they know they are intruders on any waste bit of soil about, fuchsias and geraniums do duty in the shrubbery, and true English violets, peeping out below, remind one of home, while over all glows the glorious sunlight, and Cuzard's voice is calling softly in to breakfast. I fancy there are worse hotels than Cuzard's in the world.

The chief attraction of Hellbourg is its *source*, lying about half a mile from Cuzard's, and divided from it by a deep ravine. The *source* itself is a small stream of water, warm, and highly charged with salts, which issues from a spout in a dirty cellar under the buildings, forming two sides of a square, the whole making up what the creoles speak of with so much emphasis as "*la source*." The buildings contain billiard-tables, card-rooms, concert and ball room, besides hot baths of mineral water, presided over by a real Chinese. Round the remainder of the quadrangle are seats, on which the pleasure or health seekers sit during the day, disappearing now and again into the cellar for a draught. The *source* is government property, and is perfectly free to all; and you will be thought to have queer tastes at meals if you water your claret with "*de l'eau fraîche*" instead of "*de l'eau de source*." As a stranger, you will at first sight prefer the first, as both



pass round in wine-bottles, those containing the *source* water being easily distinguished by the nasty brown deposit upon them. It is, however, an improvement to claret, owing to its tart flavor, which makes it not unlike seltzer when mixed with wine. Care must be taken not to partake too freely at first. Its composition is made up of carbonates of soda, magnesia, and lime, with a small proportion of carbonate of iron. All day long there is a succession of servants round the spring with bottles to fill; indeed, the most frequent domestic annoyance at Hellbourg is the absence of the "boy," often of the entire establishment, "*pour gagner de l'eau*." Cases of bottles are filled for conveyance to all parts of the island, and even to Mauritius, so great is the belief in its efficacy, the bracing air, enforced exercise, and consequent appetites counting as nothing in comparison with the restorative powers of the *source*.

A winding path through a nest of small pavilions almost hidden in foliage leads to the *douche*, the second grand "idea" of the place. This consists of a large house in which is a ball-room seldom used, a pond where some magnificent white ducks are swimming, and a square wooden box-like building, with two pavilions attached, in which the operations of *la douche* take place. This box is placed straddleways across the stream which tumbles down the mountain-side, some of its water being abstracted higher up, and led through pipes into the "box," which is the bath-room, and is thus capable of being turned on and off at pleasure with considerable force. Entering one of the pavilions, which do duty as dressing-rooms, the visitor purchases a book of tickets at one franc apiece, each admitting to one bath, and then takes a glance into the box, the place of unknown horrors according to the accounts he will have heard at Cuzard's. It is simply a room about twenty feet square, with open planking for a floor, which, with the sides, is sodden with water. At the farthest end is a tin rose high overhead, from which the water is falling with a cold, spiteful hiss. Along the side of the room under it runs a rail breast high, the use of which will be learnt anon. Opposite the shower-bath is a window opening into a second dressing-room, and in front of it are three brass nozzles like those used in fire-engines and as many brass cocks; inside the window stands the Indian bath-man awaiting his victim. Cautiously you enter, and holding your breath, duck under the shower of ice-cold water. It seems to numb you to

the bone, and you are glad to lay hold of the rail to keep yourself on your feet. Your head begins to feel like a lump of molten lead, and you shake it from side to side in vain endeavor to find relief. The Indian notices the motion, and shouts out, "*Donnez casquette!*" and forthwith a tin cap, in shape like an inverted funnel, is clapped on your head, and the pain ceases. Then suddenly comes a whack and a bang broad in the small of your back, which sends you reeling only to catch another on the side, which pitches you back again. Up and down your back and limbs fall the strokes, solid blows, or rather pokes with a blunt stick, till you can hardly restrain yourself from one big yell and a bolt. But a Briton's pluck is not to be beaten out of him by a Frenchman and cold water, and you clench your teeth and hold on to the rail in sheer desperation determined to see it out, at all events till you count one hundred. You get on fairly till fifty, and begin to think the worst is over, when comes a sharp drawing cut that you feel sure will leave a weal like a cart-whip across your legs, and you wince and writhe and glance round, fully prepared to stand it no longer, when, *fiz*, comes the cut again, up one leg and down the other, and then with a furious jerk half round your body, and the ugly little Frenchman in the dressing room opens his mouth in a watery grin, and cries out with his sour voice, "*A-ah, v'là la fuite! c'est bon ça, m'sieu!*" The pain is too much for another dose, and you make a dash for the door towards where he stands with a big sheet ready to wrap your lobster-colored body in, feeling not a little inclined to shake your fist at the Indian, who, with the smallest nozzle of the three in hand is playfully trying to spot a small insect which has flown into the room, and settled somewhere near the place in which your body but just now was the unwilling target. A few seconds and the blood begins to race through your veins, every nerve down to your finger-tips begins to tingle, a glorious glow creeps over you, an appetite worth a king's ransom begins to make itself heard within, and by the time you have dressed and walked down to the *source* for the inevitable glass of water you feel that to miss your *douche* would be to miss one of the best enjoyments of life.

All day long in the season the boulevard is thronged with pleasure-seekers "got up" in the most wonderful way. Complacent-looking *pères de famille* in straw hats and tightest of duck trousers, oftener than not sporting jaunty alpaca jackets, the

skirts cut so as to display to advantage the ample rotundity of figure beneath. Young ladies, "*jeunes filles et fillettes*," as the Hell-bourg shop speaks to them in a placard, in last year's Paris fashions, with bright ribbons *ad lib.*, their black tresses, wet from the douche, hanging nearly to the ground, and their tongues never ceasing to chatter till Alphonse and Hippolyte, those irresistible *jeunes gens* in patent-leather shoes, who have been on the prowl since breakfast, pass with a killing glance, and hush the maidens into a momentary simper. The village priest in cassock and shovel hat, half a dozen soldiers, *Infanterie de la Marine*, an occasional Englishman from Mauritius, such are sure to be seen during daylight on the boulevard at Hellbourg.

Beyond that few creoles care to wander. Excursions and mountain climbs they leave to "*ces sacrés Anglais*." Occasionally an enthusiastic sportsman is seen with a highly-engraved gun slung over one shoulder, and a game-bag, with many green tassels, and a fox's head as a central ornament, over the other. But the sight is a rare one, and when it does occur there is a suspicion that the worthy fellow is content with the excitement his appearance causes on the boulevard, and after a dozen turns thereon resigns any further hankering after *la chasse* which remains to him in favor of the less arduous dominoes or billiards at Cuzard's.

There is, however, very little game in the island; a few partridges, mostly "red legs," in the lower lands, and quail, equally scarce, are all that it produces, and these are carefully preserved, though not in the English meaning of the term, as the numerous notice-boards inform the would-be sportsmen. Even small birds are scarce, owing to the not over particular tastes of the Creoles in the matter of sport. Wild goats do exist, but they are scarce and very wary. Bourbon is no sportsman's paradise.

The natives of the centre of the island are singularly fair, many of them approaching albinos, with a pallid, sickly complexion, which looks strangely at variance with their generally stalwart bodies.

For them the "season," the months comprised in an English summer, is a time of plenty, francs are abundant, and the demand for porters on the road, masons, carpenters, laborers, and so on, is often greater than the supply. Some cut walking-sticks for which the woods are noted, one tree especially, from which alpenstocks are cut, being tough enough

to bear considerable strain, yet so light as to be a hardly appreciable weight in the hand. Others bring in ferns and plants, amongst the former the beautiful golden and silver ferns of which the creoles are justly proud. Others again rear poultry, which is excellent; a remarkable variety of bantam, all white with silken feathers, which look more like balls of floss silk than birds, among the rest. Their wives meantime at home do the washing, or plait hats, boxes, mats, and other articles with the fibre of the shooshoot in a manner that leaves our English work far behind.

But the summer months are times of wretchedness and starvation. Then the mountains collect the clouds in masses impervious to the sun's rays and continuous rain deluges their sides; streams become rivers, and rivers torrents; hurricanes tear down the valleys, carrying death and havoc throughout their track; avalanches of solid rock fall continually; the roads are carried away, or blocked with fallen *débris*, and communication with the world is impossible for days together. The store of Indian corn or rice is used up; money, if they have it, can purchase nothing where nothing is for sale, and the villagers are driven into the forests in search of wild fruits, roots, and even leaves. Locked up within precipices, their world the floor of a volcanic crater, their huts almost useless to withstand the tropical rains and storms which last sometimes for days, it must be indeed a time for joy when the clouds lift, the rain ceases, and the first of the annual visitors appears on the road.

Pigs are a source of great profit to these poor people, growing to an enormous size, and making most excellent pork. At certain seasons the animals are turned into the woods to feed upon the shooshoots, which grow wild to an incredible extent everywhere in the island. One house on the boulevard was apparently devoted to the supply of fresh pork in every form, and one seldom passed it without seeing a huge pig lying by the roadside ready bound for the sacrifice; while inside could be caught glimpses of strange processes of boiling, slicing, and generally manipulating portions of others of the same family.

On the face of the Piton des Neiges, high up, to the right of Hellbourg, is a patch brighter than the rest. It marks the place from which the greatest landslide on record was detached in 1876, falling without the slightest warning, and burying

a whole village with some sixty inhabitants in its mass. The *débris*, as it lies at present, extends over a length of upwards of a quarter of a mile, lying in a gorge, which it has completely filled up.

The spot is a favorite one to walk to, not only on account of its associations as for the natural wildness and sublimity of the surrounding scenery; and few Englishmen leave the neighborhood without paying it a visit. An old creole, one of the few survivors—he was absent in the fields when the catastrophe occurred—shows you over it, and points out whereabouts underfoot such and such an one's *cave* stood. The old fellow lost his own cottage, wife, family, and everything he possessed, and appears almost proud of the distinction his losses have gained for him, answering every question on the subject readily, and always anxious to plunge into the whole detailed account anew.

"And so, bonhomme," we said, "you lost everything?" "Yes, m'sieu." "Your wife?" "Yes, m'sieu." "And your children?" "All, m'sieu." "And more than sixty people were killed?" "Yes, m'sieu, sixty people." "What a terrible loss!" "Yes, m'sieu; and so many fat pigs, too!"

An excursion to the top of the Piton is worth the climb, if only for the view of Hellbourg on one side, and of the valley of Cilaos on the other; but it is not often attempted, as from the distance to be got over it is necessary to sleep in a cave half-way up the ascent. Ida Pfeiffer, I believe, accomplished it, and recently two English ladies from Mauritius went up and down with their husbands in perfect safety, much to the astonishment of the creole ladies, who consider that to reach Hellbourg in a *fautuil* is a considerable undertaking.

Another excursion, to the volcano, is one that well repays the trouble and time it takes, as the scenery is wild and awful beyond description, and totally distinct from that in other parts of the island. To reach it you must climb the neck of the Piton, no inconsiderable task, and then make over terribly broken ground for the Plaine des Cafres, noted as the spot where the remains of the extinct Solitaire are found. This plain is a neck of land which joins the southern group of mountains with the Piton des Neiges, running through the central portion of the island. Amongst this group is the Volcan, an irregular cone-shaped peak, with a depression on one side marking the site of the last-formed crater. Round this the lava

is cracked and flawed, and from the cracks issues a thin smoke; a walking-stick poked into one of them is immediately burnt; indeed, the glow of fire is everywhere to be seen under foot.

Many eruptions are recorded, of which the principal one took place in 1858, and is spoken of as follows in a local publication. On November 3 the crater became restless; this was followed by two explosions like thunderclaps, when the lava immediately began to flow from four vents in the summit of the walls inclosing the crater, and in four hours reached the bottom, flowing at the rate of four hundred metres an hour. The explosion and the lava flow lasted until December 4 in the same year. Another eruption took place on the night of March 19, 1860, and is described by M. Hougoulin, a naval doctor, who happened to be near at the time. At eight in the evening a hollow, rolling sound, very loud, was heard in the neighborhood of Grand Brûlé and the village of St. Rose, like a cart travelling along a road heavily laden with iron. The rolling caused the earth to vibrate, not exactly like that made by an earthquake, but sufficient to shake the furniture. From the summit of the volcano was launched perpendicularly into space a thick column of smoke; this enlarged at the top until it formed a black cloud which spread out in two directions almost opposite, thus dividing into two distinct clouds, one taking a north-easterly direction towards St. Rose, and preventing the people there from seeing the second cloud, which went south-east towards St. Philippe. The lower part of these clouds was luminous, and was pierced in all directions by lightning flashes. Viewed from another point the mass of the smoke-columns was illuminated by a vast number of points in bright ignition, which burst out into a thousand showers of sparks like so many fireworks; huge rocks burst upwards and shivered with a noise resembling musketry, falling in hosts of luminous fragments. The above phenomena only lasted a few minutes, and then succeeded a period of deepest gloom, the two original clouds still, however, visible, pursuing their courses, as originally given them by the great outburst, through the absolutely breathless air. They finally resolved themselves into a rain of ashes, covering the district round for a radius of seven leagues, and entirely powdering the deck of a vessel sixteen miles away. Since these eruptions the volcano has been still, but there is sufficient evidence that its vitality is only suppressed to make the immediate

neighborhood of the crater anything but a desirable place of residence.

Unlike the other islands in the Indian Ocean, Bourbon has no smaller islets round its coasts; two rocks, their position marked by the lighthouse at St. Suzanne, being the nearest approach to anything of the kind. Neither is there any reef, a feature almost universal with the others, and as a consequence little fishing, the natives not caring to trust themselves on a sea always turbulent, and frequently without the slightest warning lashed into fury by the gusts which descend from the high mountains in the interior.

When a Bourbonnais wishes to plunge into the gay world he says good-bye to his friends amid many tears and embraces, and goes over to Mauritius in the mail steamer, arriving there looking very washed out after his night on board, and returning to his beloved island some month or six weeks afterwards very much wiped out in pocket, but full to overflowing of his adventures amongst the choice spirits he fell in with during his travels at Le Club, Le York, or La Flore. Breakfast, when the work of the day is over, will be the favorite time for his reminiscences, and the meal will be spun out well into the afternoon to meet their requirements. Breakfast is without doubt the great event of daily life in Bourbon, and a very pleasant event it is in such a land of lotus-eaters. There is an old-fashioned restaurant in St. Denis, which comes back vividly to me in speaking of breakfasts, for I have eaten many there, served in one of the little green-latticed summer-houses under the mango-trees in the garden. A quaint, half-private restaurant, where *madame et les filles* waited, while *monsieur* cooked, and old Bonhomme Jacques hobbled about and opened the wine; pleasant, well-cooked dishes, perhaps not sufficiently prized at the time; glimpses of Arcadia only too rare in the big outside world.

Should any one be weary of life in the "great workshop," I would advise him to take a ticket to Bourbon in the steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, which leaves Marseilles once a month. There he will find no care, no trouble; the working day ends with breakfast, and every saint's day in the calendar is a holiday. When you are tired you go to sleep; when you awake you eat something, and play dominoes till it is time to go to sleep again. There are no railways, no telegraphs, no daily posts. Once a month the steamer will call in and bring you letters, with news from the other world, but the continents,

countries, and large islands which it comprises will appear strangely indistinct and mythical when seen through the medium of a monthly ship, arriving as she usually does at midnight, and always in a hurry to be off again; and you will find yourself regarding the inhabitants of that remote world with a kind of pity for the poor workaday sort of life they lead, while you can finish all your work by ten in the morning, and have nothing left to do after that than to calculate how much of the remaining day you can devote to breakfast, so as not to cut into the necessary repose and mild amusements of the afternoon.

W. E. MONTAGUE.

### THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"I WILL HEAR IT FROM HER OWN LIPS."

THE announcement of Unah Macdonald's immediate marriage broke upon Frank Tempest like the shock of some great natural convulsion and overthrow of things which might only have had a recent existence, but which did not the less on that account possess a real and tangible being. He regarded it, as thousands might have done, in the light of Unah's being betrayed into acting falsely towards him and towards herself rather than in the sense of her remaining true to Donald Drumchatt.

Had it happened before the unfortunate expedition to get white foxgloves at Loch-buy Farm, Frank might have submitted sullenly, without outward protest; though he would still have held it was treacherous and cruel in Unah, whom he had believed so much truer and more tender than all the other women he had ever known, that it was like profanation to name them in the same breath. He would still have been forced to judge that she had acted barbarously — after the intimacy she had allowed to subsist between them, which she might have known — she ought to have known — had only one meaning in his eyes, after the tacit encouragement her mother had extended to him — to treat him so coolly and unfeelingly in suddenly throwing him over and going back to the fulfilment of her engagement. But an enlightenment had come to them without

their seeking it—he was tempted to say in the splendid egotism of youthful passion which insists on having miracles worked to free it from obstacles, and to bring it to a happy issue. The mist had fallen, hiding the world from them and them from the world, leaving them for long hours alone in the universe, sentenced to die together; and now it seemed the grossest abuse of the truth, the heaviest wrong committed, that she should give him up, and consent, as at first, to marry Donald Drumchatt. Donald was a poor, petted, invalid fellow, who was not fit to take upon himself the active duties of life, or to care for a wife when he could not care for himself, but needed to be watched and tended like a woman. The marriage was the most glaring act of expediency—a nefarious family compact which reflected discredit on all who had a hand in it.

If thousands of persons, young and old, would have looked on the matter as Frank Tempest viewed it, it is to be hoped that not many individuals among them would have become so mad with jealousy, rage, and despair, as the young Englishman became at the barrier to the course of his true love.

Up at Castle Moydart the earl was rejoicing that any little danger to the heir of the old Dukes of Wiltshire, in the first experience of the grand passion which was also to be Frank Tempest's safeguard—as inoculation in its day was reckoned the best defence against small-pox—had come to an end. Lady Jean was arching her prominent eyebrows, and asking, with a good deal of disappointment and a shade of derision, was this all? The countess was bestirring herself to inquire what the little excitement was about; and why the announcement of the completion of the very suitable engagement between one of the neighboring lairds and the parish clergyman's daughter, of which they had been told a whole year ago, was not to be taken as a matter of course, and heard with perfect indifference.

Down at the manse of Fearnavoil Unah was descending softly and slowly from her sick-room, to receive Donald Drumchatt with a remorseful affection that was almost tender—to listen patiently to all his projects. Malise Gow was crowing loudly over Jenny Reach in the non-fulfilment of her prophecies, and crying, "You see now, Jenny, who was right, and what saint was blameless." And Jenny, nothing abashed, was answering oracularly, "The day is not done yet, bide a wee till its close." The minister was calming down to forgiveness

of the attack made on his peace. Mrs. Macdonald was not so magnanimous. She continued bitter against worldly busybodies and low-bred meddlers in their neighbors' affairs. But she was also diligently furthering the preparations for her daughter's marriage, being a woman who did nothing by halves, and who, having seen the desirability of relinquishing a dream, and submitting to the force of old obligations, was renouncing absolutely her altered line of policy, and returning vehemently to her former allegiance. And Frank Tempest was trampling over the moors, and up and down the hills, wild at what he called the sacrifice of himself and Unah, vowing that he would not permit the sacrifice. Ever since he had come to the Highlands he had been intoxicated with the new, or rather the old conditions of life lingering there in actual practice or in tradition not so very remote. He had been carried away by what survived of the strong lights and shadows, the simplicity of the passions and the directness of their expression, the sudden and complete overthrow which occasionally followed upon a sentence apparently final, the rough and ready reprisals. In spite of the short-sightedness and tendency to brutality in this and every other comparatively primitive phase of society, it had an irresistible charm of uninvited manliness, candor, and courage for the lad who was a reader of "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" in their early days, and who, as a part of his own straightforward, hot-headed nature, detested sophistry, and looked on commercial calculation carried into morals, as the enemy of all that was brave and generous in humanity, and—according to the voice of the teacher—the disgrace of the generation. Yet after all, was the deep love which Frank Tempest judged rightly to be the great love of his life to have as stale, flat, and unprofitable an end, as the shallowest, most heartless, worldly flirtation begun and ended on the chalked ball-room floors of Belgravia? Were the everlasting mountains and the silent glens, with their endless records of true love and true hate, at least womanfully, manfully asserted, to be the witnesses to so poor a parody of their tender, terrible records? What would the mighty genii of the place, Ben Voil and the Tuaidh, to whom the inhabitants were constantly appealing, think of so miserable a travesty of a man and woman's story worked out within their awful shadow? Would they not suffer a smile of irony to cross their grim faces at the degeneracy of the race, which could at



the same time boast that when the rocks should melt, and the mountains be removed, they would only be entering on an endless immortality? Was the huckstering spirit of the nineteenth century to meet and conquer Frank Tempest in the wilderness of Fearnavuil?

Frank Tempest could not get at Unah to implore her to pause, and to throw himself and herself also on her mercy. He thought of appealing to the future bridegroom, but an instinct, which should have taught him still more than it did, told him the appeal would be worse than useless. Would he have given up his rights had he been in Donald Drumchatt's place? Would he not have spurned the proposal, and laughed the proposer to scorn?

In the same manner he was prevented from addressing himself to the minister, for whom in the beginning Frank had conceived so enthusiastic a regard that it had been positive pain to give up his original estimate of Mr. Macdonald, and charge him with being one of the principal offenders in a transaction which was unworthy alike of his cloth and his manhood—the disposal of his daughter to the sickly, doomed kinsman who was also the laird of Drumchatt.

Apart from Frank Tempest's changed opinion of the man, there was something in the minister which gave one the idea of a nature temperate in all things, and which in itself could not readily sympathize with or excuse unbridled feeling of any kind. Mr. Macdonald in his youth might have been desperately in love with the wife to whom he still paid so much honor, and to whom he remained unmistakably attached. But even then Frank Tempest had a persuasion the minister could have borne to resign her at the call of what he esteemed his duty. He might never have got over it altogether. His soft brown hair might have been blanched betimes, instead of contrasting in an obstinate youthfulness with the silver locks of his wife. He might never have forgotten his first and last love, but continued a bachelor for her sake. Yet he would have done his duty. Strange that the young fellow who recognized this, did not see in it the nobler form of courage.

Frank Tempest had not entertained an equal reverence for Mrs. Macdonald, but at least she owed him reparation. She had lent him all the encouragement in her power. Had she not, only the other day, pledged herself to be his friend in his suit? And if Unah, in the innocence of her heart, had been so childish as to have

missed its plain meaning, it was not possible that a much older, experienced woman, the interested mother of the object of the suit, could have mistaken its intention.

Frank watched and dogged Mrs. Macdonald's footsteps for days, till he waylaid and stopped her coming alone from an errand of mercy on the moor. "What is this I hear, Mrs. Macdonald?" he began, almost without a polite preamble, and with fiery indignation, in an assumption of a right to be wrathful, which would have been ludicrous in its youthfulness of tone had he not been so much in earnest and so miserable. "Can it be true that your daughter?"—he had half a mind to say Unah at once—his Unah—"is going to be married to her cousin in a few weeks?"

Mrs. Macdonald was taken aback; but she was no coward unless her warped conscience made her one; neither was she destitute of resource. "Yes, Mr. Tempest," she answered with grave suavity; "it is no secret, but quite an old story, which all the parish knew a year ago. Had you not heard it before?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he admitted confusedly. "But it does not signify whether I did or not. This marriage should never have been thought of!" he was audacious and desperate enough to shock her by saying that right out. "I dare say you consider me a bear, as insolent as rude, to speak so to you; but I cannot mince matters. Mrs. Macdonald, you are aware that Mr. Macdonald Drumchatt is a poor, ailing fellow who will not live above two or three years at the utmost. They tell me all his predecessors for generations have died young. Ought he to be thinking of marrying? Is he a fit husband for any girl?"

"Mr. Tempest, this is a very strange and unwarrantable way of speaking on your part. My husband and I and my daughter are the best judges of the propriety of this marriage," said Mrs. Macdonald in unhesitating rebuke, but still with forbearance for his folly. "Forgive me, Mr. Tempest, you are young and rash, and one excuses a good deal in youth, with its warm heart and reckless tongue. But as to the probable shortness or length of our lives here, I don't consider we are at liberty to measure their duration, any more than we can attempt to add a cubit to our stature. I will only say that it is not always the strong and the healthy who live longest, and, please God, my cousin Drumchatt may see out many of his neighbors."

Mrs. Macdonald ended with a little indignation.

"That is begging the question," insisted the heir of all the Wiltshires, without any improvement in the unmannerliness and unconventionality of his conversation. "But though it were not so" — he changed the ground of his attack, waxing always more aggrieved and passionate — "there is abundant reason why this marriage must not go on. During my acquaintance with Miss Macdonald, which has been allowed to last all these happy weeks without the slightest check, I have learnt to love her with all my heart to my dying day. And she loves me — not as I care for her, indeed," he corrected himself with some bitterness, "else she would never consent, under whatever influence, to take a step which would separate us forever: still, she cares for me more than for her cousin. Don't be incredulous; don't think me an intolerable puppy, or imagine that I am boasting of her favor. I am forced to speak of it to you, and to bid you ask herself, and then decide whether you will make two people miserable for life — life, that, whatever you may say of its uncertainty, stretches long before Unah and me," he said almost piteously.

She was touched and melted; along with the melting there thrilled through her a reaction of triumph in the sincerity and strength of the lad's passion, and in the conviction that it would have stood the test and borne down all opposition. If it had rested with him, Unah might indeed have filled a position and exercised an influence far beyond that of a poor Scotch earl's mercenary English countess.

"My dear boy," she allowed herself to say, as she had said to Donald Drumchatt; and it had come to this, that now, as then, she was in earnest — she felt that Frank Tempest, not Donald Drumchatt, ought to have been her son. Her lively feelings, as well as her restless ambition, were still more interested in his behalf than they had been on Donald's account — not necessarily because she was a fickle woman, not simply because he offered immensely increased advantages as a suitor to her daughter, but since it was true that she had said to her husband, she liked Frank Tempest very much. The natural force of his character, his intrepidity, his very wilfulness, appealed to her sympathies, as poor Donald's arrogance and doggedness could not do. "My dear boy," she said, "believe me, I am very sorry, but you must think no more of this disappointment, for indeed it cannot be helped. You see

I trust you, and I appeal to you not to implicate Unah in this grievous misunderstanding."

"I would die sooner than hurt Unah or cause her so much as a moment's vexation," he said fervently; "but just because that is true I will not give up thinking of her — not even though she herself bade me. I will not stop trying to prevent this greatest injury that can be inflicted on her. How can you ask it of me, Mrs. Macdonald, when she has nobody save me to stand by her and help her?"

Bless the lad! Did he really believe, in the mad egotism of his wild young love, that he was Unah's best, her only friend; that he cared for her true interest, apart from his own present gladness or wretchedness, more than her father and mother cared for it? Mrs. Macdonald did not know whether to smile or to sigh, and in the conflict between the two inclinations she put her hand on his arm still more soothingly, and looked with a yet more motherly yearning over the young man, into his flushed, excited face. "It is good of you, my dear boy, to care for her so much. I, who am her mother, cannot help making the silly speech to you and appreciating a young fellow who has so much heart, and who has given it, to his misfortune, to Unah. Still you are quite wrong! Unah has us — her father and me, you need not doubt but that we'll do the best we can for our child; and I am an old-fashioned woman, I believe that a blessing will go with a dutiful daughter. As for you, Frank — let me call you so for once — you are rich in blessings. Your heavenly Father has loaded you with benefits: don't be so ungrateful as to undervalue and throw away the many good things you have — like the rest of us, beyond your deserts — you hear I am speaking to you as a friend — because one other thing is denied to you." She went on talking to him with her natural eloquence, and with no want of earnestness in her womanly concern. For that matter, her sympathy was all the more tender, because she was sensible in the unprobed depths of her soul that she had helped to bring about the undoing of "the nice young fellow" she had liked from the beginning. "You must not be offended with me; you are but a lad to an elderly woman like me. Believe me, life in a great measure still lies before you. Do you fancy all its treasures have been exhausted within these few gay weeks you think so much of? Oh, no! you are greatly mistaken. All the grand, serious, noble gains of life, with its greatest happi-

ness, are still to come for you—if you will. You will soon get over this cross; only don't, I beseech you, for your own sake, for God's sake, let it make you a harder, or a worse man."

He listened unwillingly and ungraciously, it must be confessed, to advice he did not take well from her. He went back over her arguments, denying them one by one. "I am not the mere lad you think; I will not get over this!" he declared, with his youthful dignity hurt even at that moment. "I feel, whatever you and other people may judge, that I am all the man I shall ever be, and I shall never, though I live to be a hundred, find another Unah. You ought to know, I dare say"—he indulged in the sarcasm—"but I cannot conceive how evil will not flow from a monstrous wrong, instead of a blessing going with it, even where she is concerned. I have enough of tin for my own use, and I shall succeed to my uncle's property. I don't know any other advantages I possess, unless that I am young and strong, and that Unah cares for me a little, which only makes it the more cruelly hard that I should be called upon to give her up. I have not father, or mother, or sister, any more than Drummchatt; I have only a poor little beggar of a brother at Eton, who is not much—in the light of a stay and support. Unah would be all the world to me. She would pull me through all my troubles, and keep me up to the mark, if all that people say of life be true," he said, taught guile by his love, and insidiously addressing himself to what he guessed was the ruling passion, the proselytizing mania of the woman he addressed. "And yet you, a good woman, a clergyman's wife, don't care what becomes of a fellow for whom, at the same time, you profess to have some regard!" he proceeded to reproach her. "Well, perhaps it does not matter much though I go to the dogs!" he broke off with an impatient sigh. "But how can you measure her by such despicable trifles? What do I care for any of them if I lose her, who is worth them every one ten thousand times over?"

She was not tempted to hold that he did profess too much. On the contrary, she began to apprehend that she had to deal with a more determined and mutinous spirit—the more dangerous because of the recklessness of youth—than she had bargained for; and she feared that a scandal would be inevitable.

Then she took to asking herself, was it certain that she and her husband would prevail? Might it not be Unah's destiny

after all to marry Frank Tempest, and become, under Providence, the honored instrument of shaping the man and his great fortunes, as he had even now said, to nobler ends?

Mrs. Macdonald did not know how the change could be brought about; how her husband, not to say Donald Drummchatt, could be propitiated. She did not even allow herself to contemplate the question distinctly, but she was staggered in her determination. Farquhar Macdonald's sweeping condemnation, and her loyalty to him in this matter, faded a second time into the background. The gain, the glory, celestial as well as terrestrial, of the unrivalled promotion for Unah, came once more to the front, and dazzled the woman who, in her complex character, was spiritually as well as secularly ambitious, who would do great things for her Maker, still more than for her daughter, and who was therefore peculiarly tempted to do evil that good might come of it.

If Mrs. Macdonald had already shown herself a weaker conspirator because of her sensibility, she was, in another light, for that very reason, a more dangerous woman, capable of working greater disaster. The woman who is yet a tyro in evil, and is, happily for herself, crippled in its execution, may take the dubious comfort to her soul, that while she will never sin as "with a cart rope," like her unscrupulous rival, she is sometimes qualified for doing subtler, deadlier harm.

In spite of her dignity, Mrs. Macdonald betrayed her agitation. Her color went and came; her eyes sparkled and fell before Frank Tempest's eager adjurations and vehement protestations that he must see Unah again; he would have his answer from her own lips; he was entitled to so much grace; he would take his final dismissal from no one save Unah. Mrs. Macdonald yielded so far. She said hurriedly, "Unah has not been well, as you are aware. She has been very little out of the house lately, and she is naturally much occupied. But if it will content you—though I cannot say you are generous in the request, I shall bring her myself down the pass to-morrow afternoon about this time, when you can bid her good-bye. Perhaps she will convince you, as I have not been able to do, of what is not only right but inevitable."

He caught at the concession the more readily that he had not seen Unah for some weeks—not since the day on Ben Voil—and that he was hungering and thirsting to look on her face again. He

had fallen in love with that face at first sight, and Unah herself, who was more than her face, had gone on with the spell till he was utterly bewitched. He had made up his mind, not only as to what her face was to-day to him, but that to-morrow and every future day of his life it would still be the dearest—the one face in the world where he was concerned.

After she returned home, Mrs. Macdonald was silent and preoccupied, avoiding alike her husband and Unah, both that evening and the following morning. It had been raining heavily for a number of hours, and the woman, who was in the habit of condemning the superstitions of the country people, submitted a second time in her life to the same influence. She asked herself, in the tumult of her thoughts, was the rain a sign which, while it would compel her to break her word to Frank Tempest, forbade her going any farther in affording him the smallest countenance in his strife with fortune—or Providence?

But after luncheon there were periods of intermission, and even watery gleams of sunshine between the showers. Mrs. Macdonald got the better of the nervous irritation which had attended on her pre-occupation and uncertainty, and said abruptly to Unah, "Come, Unah, there is a break in the clouds, and even the sun is showing his face; I am going to prove my independence to the doubtful weather by going as far as old Nelly Dairy's.\* You will come with me; it will do you good; you are staying too much indoors. I will not have you stitch, even for such an occasion, all the roses—white roses at the best—out of your cheeks."

Unah complied readily enough. She felt perfectly safe in her mother's company, and her open-air rearing rendered confinement irksome to her.

Mr. Macdonald was at the other end of the parish, on one of his "visitations;" Donald Drumchatt had gone as far as Edinburgh to meet his lawyer. Mrs. Macdonald might have brought Frank Tempest, for his interview with Unah, into the manse itself; but she did not choose that there should be any ground of speculation afforded to the servants.

Autumn reigned in the pass; the moun-

tains on a day like this remained shrouded in mist, though the rain was over, and there were even breaks of sunshine. The summer wealth of vegetation only bequeathed a greater burden of mournful decay. The bracken was rusty in its serenity. The birds had eaten up the rowan-berries and had left blackened stalks for scarlet fruit. The leaves of the hazel were shrivelled and becoming ashen grey against the empty brown husks of the nuts. The birch-trees were gay, indeed, in their drapery of straw-color, but as the leaflets rustling in every breeze shed themselves freely as they rustled, it was but a pensive kind of gaiety which made a vain stand against the saturnine sombreness of the dark blue-green of the pines that remained unchanged and unchangeable, and seemed to have the situation to themselves.

Unah walked on with her mother till they came to the bend in the pass where Unah had first seen Frank Tempest preparing to attempt the leap over the Clerk's Pool. Unah gave a hurried glance round, then fixed her eyes on the ground till she was past the spot. A few paces farther on she stopped in consternation at the sight of a figure turning a corner before them.

Mrs. Macdonald was equal to the occasion and spoke to the point at once.

"Yes, Unah, it is Mr. Tempest. I knew he was to meet us. In fact I brought you here in fulfilment of a promise I gave him that you would see him and bid him good-bye. It seems," and involuntarily Mrs. Macdonald's voice took a tone of judicial severity, "there has been some thoughtlessness—some indiscretion in your behavior where he was concerned, while you have been thrown so much together this autumn, which has misled the young man, a stranger to our Highland life. Whoever has been to blame, the least you can do is to hear patiently what he has to say, and dismiss him with a courteous expression of your regret for having caused him any disappointment. I am going a little way up the Drumchatt Road to see Nelly Dairy, as I told you. But I shall be quite at hand; you can either join me there, or walk on and meet me."

"Oh, mother, must I do this?" implored Unah. "It is harder than you think. I will tell you—I have never spoken of it to any living creature, because it seemed as if it would be a double wrong to Donald to let it pass my lips even to you. He spoke to me that day on Ben Voil, and I am afraid I let him see I was so sorry for him, mother—when everything—life itself

\* In the Highlands the name of an occupation is sometimes used—and even retained after its appropriateness has ceased—to distinguish the individual man or woman, when the whole clan is Macdonald, Campbell, etc., etc. Thus there are Mary Cook, Flora Kitchen, Duncan Groom, Colin Smith—taking us back to the origin of many of our proper names in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands.

seemed over," stammered Unah in an agony of shamefacedness and distressed deprecation; "and if it had not been for Don, I—I could have liked to listen to him. Yes, I know I have been very foolish and wrong, but will it do any good to hear Frank Tempest again when what I have consented to in the interval is a sufficient contradiction of anything I was tempted into saying or doing?"

"Perhaps not," answered Mrs. Macdonald sharply—her voice sounded to Unah stern in its righteousness. "But you are bound to pay some respect to his wishes. He desires a parting interview, and if you have hurt him, you must make him what reparation you can."

"Then stay with me, mother; don't leave me," cried Unah, clutching at her mother's gown for protection and comfort, as she had done since she was a little child.

"No, indeed, Unah," her mother refused absolutely, and with a little accent of indignation. "Can you ask your mother to appear to any man as a spy, and as if she had no confidence either in you or him? If you are old enough to get into trouble of this description, you are also quite old enough to meet and overcome it like a woman. It is high time you had ceased to be a baby."

In the mean while Frank Tempest, advancing rapidly, was close to them, and Mrs. Macdonald greeted him graciously.

"Good morning, Mr. Tempest. I have kept my word—I have brought Unah. You see I trust you, though I am afraid you do not trust me, but I believe you will respect my trust. Unah, I shall be back within the time I told you, or you may come to me at Nelly's," and she walked on steadily, though her own heart was beating violently. She could not have told clearly what she proposed to herself by the encounter which she thus aided and abetted, or how she meant to reconcile incompatible claims and insurmountable difficulties. Various plausible reasons for her conduct crossed her mind in distracting confusion. She was merely relenting so far as to let the poor young couple have another chance. If it were possible that he could persuade Unah into making a stand at the last and declining to fulfil her engagement, would it not be better, more motherly in Mrs. Macdonald to suffer it to be so, to spare her own child, than to join in inducing her to give her hand to one man—let him be Donald Drumchatt, after her heart had been stolen by another? If the question lay between obeying the husband she

loved, and sacrificing her only daughter, was the mother so very blamable, either in the sight of God or man, who permitted herself to swerve from her obedience? And it was not Unah's happiness alone which was concerned. A great and lasting good might come out of a short and temporary evil. Poor Don would not mind so very much. He would fall back on his position as a Highland laird and a representative of ancient chiefs; on nursing his delicate health—which, to be sure, did not grant him much respite to become absorbed in any active interest beyond himself—and which would in all likelihood soon send him to his rest. Yes, indeed, infinitely more important and solemn considerations than those which belonged to the breaking off of an ill-thought-of marriage, ought to be occupying Don's mind. Nobody could say she had not a regard for the lad who had been in a measure brought up at the manse like her own boys; but that person would be Donald's truest friend who could induce him, even by undergoing a painful discipline, to turn his attention to higher things.

In short Mrs. Macdonald's conclusion at this epoch with regard to Donald Drumchatt, whom she imagined she loved as she loved her sons, was not unlike that arrived at by the old Whig minister who was called on to pray for Prince Charlie during the Pretender's stay in the capital of his ancestors. The staunch successor of the Camerons and Renwicks made his petition that the young prince who had come among the people seeking an earthly, might be promoted to a heavenly crown.

There were Highland as well as Lowland versions of "Jock o' Hazeldean" Mrs. Macdonald knew, though she had been in the habit of condemning romance as she condemned superstition. They were mostly of distant date, while nearer parallels did not fail altogether; yet Mrs. Macdonald ought to have been aware that if Unah, a minister's daughter, were tempted to become the heroine of such a story in the present day, she would forfeit certain possessions of truth, modesty, and unsullied reputation, which not all Frank Tempest's future wealth and rank—even were the dukedom of Wiltshire revived in his honor, could either buy back or repay.

For a few moment's Frank Tempest thought only of being with Unah Macdonald again. He basked in the fleeting sunshine, as short-lived as that in the sky above them. He drank in every detail of her looks.

"You have been ill," he said softly, as



if that were his whole concern. "You are better now?"

"Yes," she said; "I am well again." She spoke stiffly, she had no other defence.

"No," he assailed her swiftly at the word, "you are not well; nothing can be well while this outrageous marriage is suffered to go on, Unah. How can you consent to it? Have you forgotten that day on Ben Voil?"

"Have I forgotten it?" she repeated with a slight shiver. How could she forget what had changed the whole world to her, what had opened her eyes and converted into treason and destruction the pleasant dream in which for weeks she had been walking with turned-aside head and lingering feet?

"Then why will you let them marry you in a hurry to Donald Drumchatt? Why don't you make a stand, and suffer me to come and claim you?"

"Never!" she said audibly and with firmly set lips, though they grew white as she spoke. Then she told him what her father had told her mother, that the minister could never hold up his head, or speak to his people in simple freedom again, if his own daughter brought disgrace on his teaching by breaking her word and his, and sacrificing her promised husband and kinsman to gratify her own inclination or that of another. "And do you think I would do it?" she appealed to him wistfully. "Do you think I could go on and altogether fail Don, whom I have loved all my life better than my brothers, who needs me so much, when the idea that I have been, even without my knowledge and against my will, untrue to him in the smallest particular, for a moment, is fit to break my heart?"

There was much in her words that stung and galled the passionate lad.

"And why do you not mind being untrue to me?" he demanded with a keenness of reproach that was almost fierce.

"And do you think I am not sorry?" she answered, as her tortured heart grew hot within her and impelled the reserved girl to pour forth her feelings. "I cannot be true to both, and I was Donald's before I ever saw your face. I am his still; nothing will make me forsake him. Only think how well off you are, in all that men prize, compared to him. When you have so much and may get almost any woman you chose to ask," she declared in her simplicity, and without considering that it was the height of flattery to tell him so, "why need you care for me, who am

poor Donald Drumchatt's cousin and promised wife? But sometimes I tell myself you cannot really care for me, or you would go away and leave me to do my part in peace. If I could do anything, or give up anything for you, I would do it gladly."

He did not stop to explain to her the difference between a man's and a woman's love, he only denied her assertion roundly.

"It is just what you won't do, Unah Macdonald, give up anything for me. You think only of this fellow Donald Drumchatt and what he requires from you. Do you suppose I don't need you? Although I am young and strong and will have estates which you all make so much of—I did not know there had been such mercenary people in the world," he said in a scornful parenthesis—"what good will it all do to me? My youth and strength, though they used to serve me when I was a boy and cared for running a race or walking so many miles at a stretch, are of less than no avail to me here. As for those precious Wiltshire acres that are to come to me, are they not more likely to be a curse than a blessing, when they are utterly insufficient to help to secure for me the chief good—the only good I care for in life? Would there not be a hundred times more chance for me if I had not a penny in my pocket, and were compelled to labor for my daily bread? Did you never hear how fellows like me—when they are denied the one thing they crave for—think so little of all else which when put to the test has been of small service to them, that they are tempted to throw it to the devil and themselves after it, as a fit conclusion of the wretched business?"

He was arrested by the look he saw on her face. All that was manly in him rose in arms and convicted him of meanness and baseness in letting himself utter such a threat. "No, no, Unah," he said, "don't believe me. I have made a mess of my life," calling himself back, and speaking almost humbly, "but I will do the best I can with it still. I shall not become a disgrace to anybody who has ever cared for me if I can help it; only it will be a dreary job, and I wish it were all over."

The dejection, boyish as it was, of the tone that was wont to be so dauntless, cut the tender heart which loved the lad even more than his violence had scared it. It was so terrible a strain on her to keep

\* "You micht hae taen anither love,  
And let my lass aye."

*Old Song.*

from holding out her hands to him, and saying, "No, rather than you should hang your head, Frank Tempest, I will give up everybody and everything for your sake," that the woman who was so shy she could not respond to the praises of her earthly father when spoken by a friend, called aloud on her heavenly Father in her anguish. "Oh, God, help me not to listen to him!" she prayed in anguish.

It was Frank Tempest's turn to recoil at the words, as when the old exorcism of the cross — held out against the demon in man's shape — caused him to blench and quail. He was afraid even in his boldness that he was driving Unah Macdonald out of her wits. Dismay entered into his heart, and passed into his looks. "Good heavens! am I making myself such a terror to you as that comes to?" he muttered with something like a groan of despair. "I did not mean it. Forgive me, Unah, and I will take myself off, and rid you of me this very moment."

He left her. She did not follow her mother; she had forgotten Mrs. Macdonald's directions; she crept home to the manse with such an unconcealable woe-begoneness behind the smile which, true to her woman's instinct, she summoned up to serve as a mask for the occasion, that even Jenny Reach, happening to come across the face, which looked all the more pathetic because of the old girlish droop of the bright hair in which it was set, was nearly overcome by the spectacle. Jenny Reach was by no means a tender, though she might be a faithful retainer, yet the simple, agreeable curiosity of the philosopher was for the moment merged in an ache of womanly sympathy. Jenny forgot to pursue her interesting investigations — which did not proceed from youthful ignorance, or from love of excitement and of playing with danger, as in the case of Lady Jean — for Jenny was of mature years and had a preponderance of head over heart, but from the abstract turn for analysis of the moral anatomist. "Miss Unah, you are clean done. Why was it you would go walking on this bad day? Welladay!\* that is not a look for a bride. It is you who will be having your feverish fit back again, or an attack of all the ague which is left in the land instead, and that will be a bonnie job by way of preparation for a wedding. Lie down on your bed like a dearie, and I will kindle your fire — the best flower in the garden now," Jenny wound up with a quaint Scotch phrase.

\* The old exclamation is still heard in the Highlands.

It was only after she had done her ministration and retreated to her own territory that Jenny looked with comical wonder and affront into the little looking-glass which hung above the big napery chest. She was trying to detect, and to take herself to task for, any traces of moisture in her clear, shrewd eyes. "Was I like to greet?" she said doubtfully; "and all because a fule lassie that is going to be married in a wheen weeks to the young laird her kinsman, to whom she has been troth-plighted this twelvemonth — and I am sure there was enough stir made about her fine prospects not so long ago — has seen an English lad, or Gillies Macgregor's ghost, down in the pass. I will be as great a fule as she is. A staid kimmer of my age, who has not shed a tear since her old mither died. I am black ashamed of myself. Eh! but I'm thankful that fleeaway body Malise Gow did not see me, or he might think I would be marrying him next."

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ANCIENT EGYPT.

## II.

SIDE by side with the fourth dynasty, the twelfth, the great family of the old Theban line, looks insignificant if measured by its monuments. The solitary obelisk which yet stands on the site of ancient Heliopolis, the beautiful sepulchral grottoes of Benêe-Hasan, and a few interesting fragments of small temples, are all that are seen in Egypt as monuments of this family. The city of Thebes, which gave its name to the dynasty, shows scarcely a trace of its rule. But if we remember the evident concentration of the whole forces of the nation in the vast sepulchre of each monarch of the fourth dynasty, and the many records that show the diffused activity of the later line, we begin to form a fairer judgment. Still more when we read the memoirs of the great men of this second age, and take note of the activity of its kings in executing works of national usefulness, we reverse our first judgment, and find that Egypt under the old Thebans had made great strides in civilization beyond the highest point reached by the pyramid-builders. The vast artificial lake of Mœris is a startling proof that the kings of the twelfth dynasty had larger views of the true welfare of Egypt than those who went before them, and had the energy to throw

the whole force of the people into works that this foresight suggested. Theirs was the golden age of ancient Egypt, probably never before or after as prosperous as under their rule, not even, indeed, in the richest age of its Muslim rulers.

The founder of the twelfth dynasty, Amenemhat I., probably a successful military chief, made his son his colleague with equal royal power. This has often been done by founders of a new house. It was the policy of Ptolemy, Seleucus, and Antigonus thus to secure a doubtful succession. The custom was, however, continued by Amenemhat's successors, and this implies a certain degree of weakness in the royal power. It is however, spoken of in the same terms of awe as before. Saneha, in the well-known story of his life, a most interesting Egyptian text, tells us how he returned after flight from his country and long residence at the court of a foreign king, and coming into the presence of Amenemhat, fell on his face, and with what kindness the terrible Pharaoh restored his courage. The king's last words to his son and colleague give us a better picture of his true power, while they confirm Saneha's evidence of his kindness.

The "Instructions of Amenemhat" form the oldest book of royal advice. Copied out under the nineteenth dynasty, they were then so famous that no less than six texts of the whole or part have come down to our time. The form is that of a dream in which the deceased king counsels his son: the character of the record is so true to the thoughts of a living king, and so beyond the courage of a subject, that it can scarcely be doubted that Amenemhat was himself the author. The writer speaks as one whose life's object was the welfare of all his subjects, especially the poor and unprotected. He reminds his son of how he had raised him from being "an eater of rations" to the throne. He tells him to be better than "the Graces" his predecessors, to maintain concord with his subjects, not to isolate himself, keeping no society but that of the nobles, but to be careful of new associates. He tells him how he owed his own popularity to his protection of the weak and the afflicted, from what plots and bad counsels he had escaped, how they had ruled together, how he had aided his son in the suppression of seditions, in assisting the people in time of famine, how he had protected him against those who would have taken advantage of his youth. He recites what he had done — how he guarded the boundaries, won the love of the people by his care of them,

how he hunted the lion and captured the crocodile, how he subdued the nomads around. Then he describes his tomb, "adorned with gold," its roof colored with ultramarine, the "passages" of stone, bound together not unlike the treasure-house at Mycenæ with "metal hooks," "made for eternity, time shrinks before it." Now he is one of the happy dead doing honor to his son, having already begun prayers for him in the celestial boat of the sun.

At this time the throne had lost some of its power, but the art of government had been learned in the school of adversity. The memoirs of the great men of the age fill in the picture drawn by the founder of the twelfth dynasty. In the great stèle of Mentuhotep, prime minister under the second king of this family, we find how one person was at the same time, as Dr. Brugsch remarks, minister of justice, of the interior, of public works, of worship, and perhaps of foreign affairs and of war, the pharaoh's *alter ego*. He, too, especially glories in "having protected the poor and defended the powerless." Nothing more marks the change in the relations of the crown to the nobility than the appearance, in place of the royal kinsfolk who compose the aristocracy of the pyramid age, of men raised by royal choice to the first posts, as well as of a class of great landowners, whose succession to local governments seems to have been almost a matter of course, though needing the king's approval.

The series of excavated tombs at Beni-Hasan, in Middle Egypt, give us, in their wall-paintings, the every-day life of these great men, for they are the sepulchres of nomarchs and governors. The state of society is very much that of the pyramid age, with a greater degree of luxury, and we have a hint of the foreign relations of Egypt in the representation of a band of Shemite settlers coming before the nomarch, a subject which illustrates, though it certainly does not represent, the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt.

The interest of the time is, however, in the great public works of the kings, and their endeavors to extend the Egyptian territory. The welfare of Egypt depends on the annual inundation of the Nile. A very low inundation causes famine, a very high one is a disastrous flood, and it is not seldom that the utmost level of the river little exceeds that which portends famine, or falls little short of the scarcely less fatal flood-height. There are, moreover, many tracts in Egypt which the inundation never

reaches, unless the water is raised by artificial means, and by such means the inundated lands may again be irrigated so as to produce a second and third harvest. Thus the regulation of the inundation, the construction of canals and reservoirs, are the main methods of benefiting Egypt, naturally an agricultural country. It was to these objects that the kings of the twelfth dynasty turned the force of the nation. Most of all, Amenemhat III. executed the greatest ancient work of engineering skill, the most useful one to the country ever carried out in Egypt, the Lake Mœris. About seventy miles, measured on the course of the river, to the south of Cairo, the low edge of the western desert opens and forms the entrance to an oasis, fertilized by the waters of the Nile, which are conducted into it by a canal having many branches, and which finally empties itself into a great inland lake. As we now see this oasis, the Feiyoum, we observe that much of its soil is unwatered and unproductive, though marked by the signs of ancient plenty. This is because the great hydraulic work of Amenemhat has been allowed, since the Muslim rule of Egypt, to fall into decay and ultimately to disappear. It was only in the present century that its remains were discovered, and its true site fixed, by M. Linant, a French engineer, to whose surveys we also owe the excellent map of Egypt published in Lepsius's "*Denkmäler*."

The Lake Mœris lay in the south-east of the Feiyoum. It was bounded on the south and east by the natural elevated edge of the oasis, on the other sides by great dykes which may still be traced. Its shape was thus irregular, but some idea may be formed of its size from the fact that had it been square each side would have measured about twelve miles. Evidently the construction of this vast work was aided by the natural shape of the country, and it is possible that it needed but little excavation; yet the construction of the dykes of the strength necessary to keep a vast body of water from falling into the lower level to the north-west must have been a work of prodigious labor. The object of the lake was to receive the waters of the Nile, and convey them as it became desirable over the country around. It was also turned to good account as a fish-preserve.

M. Linant, the discoverer of the Lake Mœris, argued strongly in favor of its restoration. This would involve the destruction of three or four villages, and the loss of about forty thousand *feddâns*, or some-

what more than as many acres, while it would immediately render cultivable eight to nine hundred thousand *feddâns*, a space equal to a quarter of the land in Egypt now under cultivation. Yet more, this vast reservoir would serve as a valuable means of drawing off the waters of the excessive inundations and emptying them into the Lake of El-Karn at the north-western extremity of the Feiyoum. It would thus modify the dangerous effects of the highest inundations, and this much might indeed be effected by existing canals and a sluice, which was used for this purpose after the Lake Mœris had disappeared. The simple work of restoration upon the ancient lines has not the showy pretensions of other modern projects, but it would far more benefit Egypt by producing results which would form a means of measuring the far-sighted policy of the old king Amenemhat, who, we may hope, is actually commemorated by his great work, the name Mœris being possibly derived from his prenomens.

It is not in Middle Egypt alone, especially favored by these Theban pharaohs, but also in Nubia, that we must look for the records of their care for the welfare of their country. At the Cataract of Semneh, in Nubia, not far above the Second Cataract, are rock-sculptures of Amenemhat III. and of a later king, carefully registering the annual maximum height of the Nile, which led to the discovery of a curious change in level at a later time. A great barrier at Gebeles-Silsileh, near the ancient Silsilis in Upper Egypt, between Thebes and the First Cataract, gave way or was cut through, and the level of the Nile between this barrier and Semneh fell to an extent which deprived the valley throughout that space of the full benefit of the inundation. This occurred before the empire.

At Semneh, Usurtesen III., the immediate predecessor of Amenemhat III., was worshipped as the founder of Egyptian power in Ethiopia. Here he built fortresses and set up boundary stones. Their inscriptions tell us that this was the southern limit of Egyptian territory, and one of them is further curious as prescribing the conditions on which negroes could pass this point. The name used for these neighbors of Egypt is always applied in Egyptian texts to pure negroes, and it would thus appear that at this time (two thousand years or more before the Christian era) the Nubian population was not Ethiopian, using that term for the mixed races, but Nigritian. Later we find un-

doubted Ethiopians of the Somálee country, and perhaps also Arabia Felix, as tributaries of Egypt.

It is characteristic of this bright period that its monuments show an advance in architectural taste. With the abandonment of the massive structures of the pyramid age there arose an instinctive desire for beauty in art. It is now that we first find, at Benée-Hasan, the elegant many-sided columns which have reasonably been called proto-Doric. The general impression all the works of art of the dynasty give us is that of refined elegance. If the tombs of great men are more costly than before, it is because their power and wealth were greater, and therefore private works could bear a larger proportion compared to those of the king.

The twelfth dynasty has left one puzzle for archæologists and critics, the famous Egyptian labyrinth. It was built by the king to whom the Lake Mœris was due, and stood in its immediate neighborhood. Professor Lepsius excavated the site, and found a great number of very small chambers. Unhappily they were in a very dilapidated state. It is quite possible, however, from these remains that Herodotus is right in saying that the labyrinth contained three thousand chambers, half under and half above the ground. There is a general agreement among ancient writers that it was a true labyrinth in the Greek sense, perplexing to the visitor. They also state more or less distinctly that it was connected with the Egyptian provinces or nomes, each of which had its place of meeting here, as Strabo says, not only for religious but for legal purposes. The few fragments of inscriptions discovered by Lepsius throw no light on this subject, nor has anything else been discovered tending to clear up its mystery. We find nothing in Egyptian documents resembling the Greek assemblies of confederate states. If the Egyptians ever had a general assembly of the nature described by Strabo, we should certainly find some native notice of it. It is quite evident that the intention for which the labyrinth was constructed was long maintained, and if so anything so markedly peculiar as a deliberative assembly would have left its record in the memoirs and letters of the ancient Egyptians. It is most probable that the priests met here only for the purposes of sacerdotal law. At the same time, such a general meeting-place may well have been the centre of political action on many occasions like the case of the dodecachy. Perhaps it was neutral

ground. Dr. Brugsch draws attention to the curious circumstance that in the lists of the nomes of Egypt that of the Feiyoom is omitted. These lists belong to an age at which the worship of the crocodile, and the divinity with the head of that animal, Sebak, to whom it was sacred, had fallen into disfavor, almost throughout Egypt. He argues that the exclusion took place on religious grounds, but the Tentyrite nome where the worship of the crocodile also prevailed is not thus excluded. Of course the question will be decided when the earlier lists come to light. In the mean while it is possible that this nome was a neutral territory not reckoned among the provinces, like Columbia in the United States, as holding the meeting-ground of all the nomes where perpetual neutrality prevailed.

Was the Egyptian labyrinth the parent of that of Crete? Pliny says that it was. The most complete representation of the Cretan wonder on the coins of Cnossus has, as Bunsen has pointed out, a family likeness to what the Egyptian labyrinth must have been. The name was almost certainly adopted from Egypt by the Greeks; why not the form? The Egyptian labyrinth was still kept in repair as late as the end of the monarchy, not long before the subjugation of Egypt by Alexander. We need not go back a thousand years before the Trojan age, to the time of its foundation, for the influence on some early Greek architect. It may be conjectured that such a primitive builder would have caught at the idea of a vast structure of great renown constructed of a multitude of small chambers, thus attaining great dimensions in the easiest manner.

With the builder of the labyrinth and constructor of the Lake Mœris, the twelfth dynasty wanes. Two short reigns, the last that of a queen, brought it to a close, and we find ourselves on the brink of another chasm in Egyptian history. At first there are a few stepping-stones, the scanty records of another Theban line ruling all Egypt; but the marks of decline are manifest. Was Egypt already engaged in a struggle with foreign invaders, or did the labyrinth really mean political innovation, which led to domestic dissension? These questions cannot yet be answered: all we know is that in course of time the later Theban kingdom, whose sovereigns were ephemeral in their reigns, came to an end, and that then or before, scarcely later, a great catastrophe occurred which, though the chief calamity of ancient Egypt, ended in the establishment of the empire. This



was the invasion and conquest of Egypt by the Shepherds.

The third great period of Egyptian history which now opens has left its records not at Memphis or Thebes, but at a third great site, Tanis in the Delta, the Zoan of the Bible. Here the excavations of M. Mariette have yielded results as interesting and unexpected as those in the Troad and at Mycenæ. We now know the race of the Shepherds and their place in Egyptian history, not that chronological place which students are still looking for in vain, but the place in the series of influences which form the true history of each country. Much we have now to unlearn, many old theories to discard, but at length there is a sure base on which discovery and inquiry are building up a solid and lasting structure.

The story of the conquest and rule of Egypt by the Shepherds, the great convulsion which overthrew the old kingdom, and by stirring national feeling brought the empire into light, is told in a large fragment of Manetho's history given by Josephus. Until lately it was accepted without question. But the discoveries of M. Mariette, and the researches of other scholars in ancient Egyptian documents, have shown that this story, though no doubt in many respects correct, contains such serious errors, that it is not to be trusted where the monuments and other Egyptian records are silent and cannot be cited to confirm or correct it. We have only to lament the vast erudition that has been diverted from the fruitful study of the earlier documents for the vain attempt to build history of these unsound materials, and to ask how it can be that the Egyptian historian, generally trustworthy, here fails us. Probably the true answer is that Josephus writing controversially, and wishing to make the Shepherds the same as the Israelites, has wilfully altered his authority. In an age of entire indifference to any but Greek and Roman history, when, moreover, books were only published in manuscript, and it was a serious matter to write, perhaps from Rome to Alexandria, to verify a passage, authors were not as safe as now. Certainly Josephus is not beyond suspicion of dishonesty. His character of Titus is contrary to the general tenor of history; and if Dr. J. Bernays is right in conjecturing that the ecclesiastical historian Sulpius Severus has preserved in epitome a lost part of the fragmentary fifth book of the "Histories" of Tacitus, we have a direct contradiction of the favorable portrait which Josephus draws of his patron,

from the hand of a historian who had a much finer sense. If Josephus were capable of so bold a falsification of contemporary history, when nothing but the protection of the reigning family could save him from confutation, it would not be difficult to understand that he would not have hesitated to tamper with the work of an almost unknown historian dealing with a remote age. But the passage is so self-contradictory, and so contradicted by what follows it, that it may be that Josephus had an inaccurate copy of Manetho before him.

The proper mode of dealing with this difficult but most interesting period of Egyptian history, the age, as far as we know, of the first great war, the first inroads of the Easterns into Egypt, is that of M. Chabas, who has collected all the native documentary evidence. His main results may here be given with such additional evidence as may be gleaned from M. Mariette's discoveries. M. Chabas's paper is an admirable criticism of the written data: he does not, however, deal with the not less valuable evidence of art.

We may begin by discarding the time-honored name Hyksos. The etymologies given of it in the fragment of Manetho cannot, as M. Chabas has noticed, have been given by any one acquainted with the ancient language, and the name is not found elsewhere. The appellation in Manetho's list, "Shepherds," is more probable, and leads to the Egyptian Menti-u by which these foreigners seem to be called, and which certainly means "Shepherds," though it is not certain that this is its sense when used ethnically. Unfortunately the word Menti-u is a generic term. It belongs to a class of appellations given to the hereditary enemies of the Egyptians, which usually, if not always, have a wide extent. Thus it occurs with the Amu or Shemites (?) and the negroes (Chabas, "*Papyrus Magique Harris*," 49). In an inscription by an Egyptian priest who was a partisan of the Persians, Darius Codomannus is called ruler of Menti, and the Greeks and Persians are called the Ionians (the corresponding Egyptian word having a wide extension) and Menti (Brugsch, "*Geogr. Inschr.*" i. 40, 41. Pl. lviii.). Thus, the Menti-u would seem sometimes to mean nothing more definite than Asiatics, as Dr. Brugsch suggests. At present we can go no further in this line of inquiry.

For the race of the Shepherds we must look to other evidence. The great result of M. Mariette's researches at Tanis, or

Zoan, is that this was a chief city, probably the capital, of one of the Shepherd dynasties, whose sculptures, though appropriated by later kings, have a distinctive character of their own, which gives us the national type. This type, as M. Mariette remarks, is still preserved in the population of the neighboring country, whose peculiarities had already attracted the notice of ancient travellers, as we may judge from the novelists Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius. The type on the Shepherd monuments is distinctly Shemite, of a character distinguished from that of the Assyrians, as seen on their monuments, by a more marked cast of features. It represents the same vigorous, muscular race, a race with far less refinement but much more energy than the Egyptians.

If there were any doubt that the Shepherds were Shemites, it would be removed by the numerous Semitic geographical names to be found in the east of Lower Egypt, and by the circumstance that under the nineteenth dynasty, between two and three centuries after the expulsion of the foreigners, the Semitic element in Egypt was so strong that it became the fashion not only to use Semitic words in place of Egyptian, but even to give Egyptian words Semitic forms.

Although we thus know the race of these invaders, we cannot tell to what branch of it they belonged, whether they were Phœnicians or Arabs, Manetho suggesting both, or whether they migrated from beyond the Euphrates. The later geographical use of the terms Menti-u and Menti suggests Asia to the exclusion of Arabia, but of course does not forbid the notion that they were Arabs of Syria or Mesopotamia.

It is easy to speculate on a dynastic change which may have caused a migration to Egypt, or to suggest conditions pointing to the possibility of a regular invasion by a powerful Asiatic state, but these are mere conjectures which can produce no trustworthy results. And it may be added that we are equally without a trace of the later history of the Shepherds who left Egypt. It may, however, be that but few really went away in a body. Manetho's account may be exaggerated. All we know from trustworthy sources is that, after the final conquest of the foreigners in Egypt, and apparently while still at war with them, the king of Egypt took the city of Sharuhana or Sharuhen in southernmost Palestine. This gives the direction of the march of the Shepherds out of Egypt, which is that which we should expect they would have taken. We are una-

ble to illustrate this event from the Bible. It is, however, worthy of notice that the group of Rephaite tribes were settled in southern Palestine, and that in the Book of Numbers the Anakite (or Rephaite) city, Hebron, is apparently connected, in its foundation, with that of Zoan.

We cannot yet conjecture the details of the history of the Shepherds in Egypt, or the duration of their dominion, for it is not until about its last century that we have a basis of fact. It is probable that the first conquest and early rule was marked by the violence of which Manetho speaks. There is in this period an absence of monuments which is strong negative evidence of an age of suffering. The dislike with which the Egyptians speak of the Shepherds cannot, however, be said to prove anything. It is their customary tone as to foreigners, and would not be least strong when these were foreign enemies ruling Egypt.

It is probable that the Shepherds ruled all Egypt until a national rising caused the war of independence, which, after many years, ended in the expulsion of the foreigners by Aahmes, or Amosis, the head of the eighteenth dynasty. Manetho's statement as to the extent of the foreign rule and its termination in consequence of a revolt led by a king of the Thebais, is confirmed and illustrated by a most interesting Egyptian fragment contained in a papyrus, which probably told how that conflict arose. This document relates how the Shepherd-king Apapi ruled all Egypt, and having determined to worship Set alone, built a temple and instituted festivals. He accordingly sent a message, evidently on the subject of this religious innovation, to Sekenen-ra, prince of Upper Egypt, a Theban dynast, not here designated by the usual titles of the pharaohs. It appears that the foreign chief conceded the admission of the worship of Amen-ra in his new temple. The deliberations caused the greatest anxiety to the tributary Egyptian prince. It may be that much more is meant than the local worship of the territory occupied by the Shepherds, but of this we cannot be certain. The story breaks off, the ancient scribe having begun to copy another document.

In the ruins of the great temple of Tanis M. Mariette found the name of Apapi with the titles of an Egyptian pharaoh. The story of the Egyptian papyrus is confirmed by the circumstance that at this period Set was the chief object of worship here, whereas as late as the time of the thirteenth dynasty, probably not long be-

fore the Shepherd invasion, his position was held by Ptah.

The chronological place of Apapi is probably not more than a century before the expulsion of the Shepherds. M. Chabas argues that of the three kings bearing the prenomen or official name Sekenen-ra, the one mentioned in the papyrus was the first, and the last was the immediate predecessor of Aahmes, the conqueror of the strangers. He notices the significant fact that, while each has the same prenomen and the same name Ta, the epithet following the name increases in force with the second and third, the three being called, "the great," "the very great," and "the very victorious."\*

There can be very little doubt that the outline of the war of independence is thus shown. The papyrus relates how a difference on a religious question arose with one of these kings, whom we may reasonably conjecture to be the first of the three bearing the name Ta, and the Shepherd-king Apapi. He raises and maintains the standard of revolt; the next king wins greater successes; the last of his line expels the Shepherds out of all Egypt except the north-east, leaving the completion of the enterprise to Aahmes, or Amosis, head of the eighteenth dynasty.

The story in the papyrus would seem to show that the Shepherds, having adopted Egyptian civilization, selected Set the god of Lower Egypt, who was also supposed by the Egyptians to be the special protector of their eastern enemies, and thus identified with Baal. This was, however, accompanied by an innovation, the attempt to exclude all other worship at the chief temple, perhaps in all Egypt, as though Set had been selected to represent the Baal worshipped by the Shepherd tribe. The institution of new festivals is a proof how thorough the innovation was.

So much we may infer as to the origin of the war of liberation. Another document relates its close. This is one of those memoirs which are the most truly historical and valuable of all Egyptian records, that of Aahmes, son of Abna at El-Kab, on the site of the city of Eileithya. Aahmes relates that he was born in this place under the reign of Sekenen-ra, whom M. Chabas decides to be the last of the three kings having that prenomen. He then records his services under

Aahmes, head of the eighteenth dynasty, and his successors. He took part in the siege of the stronghold of the Shepherds, Avaris, attacked by water and land, which fell before the fifth year of the king's reign, who then passed into southern Palestine, and captured Sharuhana.

From the simple recital of Aahmes we learn that the last effort of the Shepherds was not so important as Josephus states it to have been in his citation of Manetho. The king's rewards were given for the capture of a few prisoners. Nor do we hear anything of an honorable capitulation being granted to the Shepherds: on the contrary, the city is taken, and the war is carried on into Palestine, evidently in the form of a pursuit.

This is all we as yet know of the events of the Shepherd dominion. The happy discovery of a new memoir, or another historical papyrus, may add to these facts. As yet there is no other point that may be discussed without risk of confutation from new documents, the constant fate of speculation in Egyptology; but it must be added that to have proved the high civilization of the Shepherds towards the close of their rule, and their influence in Egyptian history, is a gain far more valuable than any amount of detail.

In nothing has Manetho, as reported, been so signally contradicted as in the proofs the monuments of the Shepherds afford that latterly the foreigners accepted Egyptian civilization. The result was of the greatest consequence to Egypt, for it firmly planted there a strong Semite population, which was vigorous enough in quality, although assimilated to the nation in manners, to give back to the Egyptians, as a kind of return for the evils of conquest, a new element of thought and language. For a time after the subjugation of the Shepherds we have no trace of them; probably the early pharaohs of the empire, those of the eighteenth dynasty, repressed the strangers from a natural fear of their reasserting their power. The next line, the house of the Ramessides, comprising the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, had no such policy. It has even been suspected that their worship of Set, the divinity of Lower Egypt and especially also of the Shepherds, and the tendency to a Semitic rather than an Ethiopian type in their portraits, indicate that they came of a stock partly of Shepherd origin. They rebuilt Tanis, the foreign capital, and greatly beautified its chief temple. Connected with this policy is the fashion already noticed prevalent among the scribes

\* According to Manetho Apophis was either the last or last but one of the Shepherd Kings of either the fifteenth or the seventeenth dynasty. Thus it is not impossible that he placed Apapi immediately or two reigns before the eighteenth dynasty.

of this time of Semiticizing Egyptian. Curiously enough this influence and sympathy is connected with a great literary activity. In no age do the Egyptian scribes seem to have been so prolific. The Egyptians were always literary for the sake of preserving history; at this time they appear to have been literary for the mere pleasure of writing. In our present state of knowledge, the contrast between this and other times is most remarkable; and if later discoveries do not modify the facts, we may consider the literature of the Ramses period as having been fertilized by Semitic literature, as the Latin in the last days of the republic and the beginning of the empire owed its development to Greek. Of course it might be said that the foreign writers or speakers who changed for a time the Egyptian style, and probably influenced it permanently, were dwellers beyond Egypt, but it is far more likely that they were settled in that country. It is, indeed, not probable that they were either enemies or newly-conquered subjects. It is far more likely that they were fellow-countrymen speaking another language and with a literature perhaps unwritten of their own. No race has been more literary but less monumental than the Shemite. The most destructive criticism must allow a great antiquity to Hebrew literature. The Arabs must have cultivated poetry for ages before they wrote out their intricately measured odes. If the Shepherds in Egypt had this true Shemite faculty, the problem before us receives its solution.

The Shepherd period has another remarkable characteristic in its influence on the Egyptians. It was the real cause of the empire. A national war of independence formed the military qualities that, when the country was free, could no longer resist the desire to carry the national arms into the enemy's land. The Egypt of the empire is no longer the Egypt of the old Memphite and Theban kings: extension of territory is desired, not only for purposes of commerce, but also for the gratification of ambition. A material aid to these designs was afforded by the introduction of the horse and the war-chariot. Both are unknown in Egypt before the eighteenth dynasty; both are used by its first king, at least in the final campaigns against the Shepherds, and thenceforward became common. There can be little doubt that the Shepherds brought the horse into Egypt, and so afforded the Egyptians a means without which they could never have made distant conquests.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE DUTIES OF IGNORANCE.

THE question what is the right attitude of mind to be maintained in regard to subjects on which we are at once deeply interested and very imperfectly informed, is one of considerable practical importance for most of us. Every decently educated person must be conscious of great tracts of ignorance lying on all sides of the subjects he has really studied, if not of dark chasms running right across those very subjects themselves. Education, indeed, seems rather to increase than to lessen the sense of ignorance. It reveals as many uncertainties as it removes. And the increased diffusion of knowledge which has taken place of late years tends greatly to confusion, and makes the art of groping our way among doubts every day more indispensable. Every year the machinery for spreading news over the length and breadth of the land becomes more complete and effective, and the flood of discussion of all sorts of subjects penetrates more and more thoroughly into the most secluded corners.

If the subjects which are thus thrust upon our attention were matters of purely speculative interest, we might be content with carving out for ourselves a certain portion for careful study; leaving the rest to flow idly past, without disturbing ourselves about what we could not thoroughly understand. To recognize the limits of our knowledge, and suspend our judgment when imperfectly informed, would be all that was required. But this world is not so peacefully ordered as that. We cannot calmly suspend our judgment when our dearest interests are at stake. It is easy to avow our ignorance, but it does not therefore cease to torment us. For the last five-and-twenty years, wars and rumors of wars, in which, if not actually engaged, we have been keenly interested, have succeeded each other almost without intermission. Famines, and pestilences, and revolutions, and financial crises have filled up the intervals, and fatal accidents of the most extensive and dramatic kind send a succession of shocks through the length and breadth of the land. Each of these events, whose reality the most sceptical cannot doubt, raises a multitude of questions which the most ignorant and apathetic can hardly put aside altogether, and on which the best informed are widely and apparently hopelessly at variance.

Besides passing events, and the burning questions which they raise, the air is

full of controversies of the most vehement and penetrating kind on all the fundamental doctrines of faith and morals. Probably there is scarcely a child out of the nursery, or a day-laborer able to read, who does not know that the existence of God and of a future life, and the distinction between right and wrong, and therefore everything else that we have ever held sacred, are now treated on all sides as open questions. Who can possibly pass through such times unmoved? Can the loftiest intelligence attempt to solve, or anything short of brutal insensibility to ignore, such questions as these? Can we calmly suspend our judgment and rest in our ignorance, while all the dearest interests of our friends, our nation, and our souls, are, as it were, ranged in battle array before our eyes?

And yet, what task could be more hopeless than the attempt to disentangle and to deal with all these agitating perplexities? Any one of the subjects I have referred to is vast enough to engross a lifetime; and each of us has many other pressing matters of more immediate concern to attend to besides. Must we then resign ourselves to a chronic state of anxious uncertainty? Is there no solid ground for the soles of our feet, and no art by which the ignorant may steady themselves, so as to pursue at least a useful, if not a peaceful course, in the midst of the storm?

I believe that the duties of ignorance — ignorance which cannot be uninterested, but would fain not be prejudiced or obstructive — deserve more careful attention than they often receive. Those who are liable to find themselves at any moment out of their depth should lose no time in learning to swim. Where roads may fail we must learn to read the stars and to use the compass. And surely there is a faculty by which some people contrive to take their bearings in the midst of perplexities which they have no means of clearing up; a faculty which can be cultivated, and which is better worth cultivation than many of which we think more. Some people are so happily gifted with this quality — call it common sense, mother-wit, judgment, instinct, veracity, force of character, or what you will — that they go steadily on their way in what looks like actual unconsciousness of the bewildering confusion of the world and its ways. But for those who are not so armed, for those who feel their hearts burdened and their spirits wearied, and their very appetite for knowledge quenched by perpetual uncertainties, what

is the remedy? How can such vulnerable wayfarers learn to encounter the difficulties of a path in which they can neither see their way nor stand still?

What we want, both for peace and for usefulness, is to clear a space, however small, within which, at all events, order shall reign. We want to be centres of light, not of darkness — of clearness, and not of confusion. We want not to try to grasp a greater number of facts than we can rightly place in our minds; and yet, not to shut our minds to any facts which ought to affect our conclusions. The difficulty is how to choose when by the hypothesis we have not knowledge enough to choose by. Unless we leave out of account some facts and some whole subjects, and a vast proportion of the opinions we hear, we have no chance of coming to any conclusions at all; but how are the ignorant to decide which are the facts, the opinions, and the subjects which they may safely disregard?

Take for instance that pleasing collection of perplexities which we describe as the Eastern question. There are probably few of us who have not by this time some rather strong feeling on the subject, but how many of us can give any intelligent and consistent justification of that feeling? What proportion of those who are in the habit of discussing the question have ever taken the trouble to consider what are the facts it would be necessary to know in order to form a fair judgment about it? It is easy to say that one does not pretend to have followed it from the first, or to be fully qualified to pronounce upon all its parts; but this general avowal of comparative ignorance certainly does not prevent the use of strong language and excited feeling. It is not altogether easy to say to what extent it ought to check either feeling or speech. If no one ever took sides on public questions of this kind without mastering complicated historical, geographical, and political questions in all their details, we should have to leave our affairs even much more than we do in the hands of a few experts. Public opinion, instead of being the strongest, would be about the weakest of influences in all large questions, especially in questions of foreign and colonial policy. It is evident that, according to our usages at least, there are some legitimate substitutes for complete information. We are all familiar enough with the use of them in practice, but we might use them much more intelligently, and to much better purpose, if we were a little clearer about them in theory.



The sheet-anchor of plain folk, both in political and speculative questions, is a recourse to first principles. By whatever means we may have become possessed of them, we all have some few convictions, according to which we do consciously or unconsciously judge all human conduct. Whether originally derived from experience or from intuition, these principles were at least in possession of our minds long before we ever heard of the particular questions with which we are now concerned; and their proof or disproof must rest upon wider grounds than the answers to any of the questions of the day. No doubt, in the process of referring practical questions to first principles, there are at every step a multitude of risks. Supposing our principles to be all right, we make strange blunders in applying them, from a want both of logical faculty or training, and of knowledge of facts which may be essential to the case. Or there may be some fundamental flaw in our first principles themselves, which must vitiate all our judgments. Better be stupid and ignorant than wrong-headed.

All this is true, and fatally affects the value of our conclusions if considered as verdicts. But it does not affect the value of the process by which we arrive at them when considered as mental discipline, nor does it wholly destroy the moral value of our judgments as engines to be used in the cause of right.

By what means, indeed, can we acquire logical habits of mind if not by exercising our faculties upon imperfect information? If we do not regard the weighing of evidence as a part of the art of reasoning, we shall have to confine that art to the region of pure mathematics.

The problems which come before us in such bewildering profusion every morning in the newspapers supply abundance of exercise for our logical and moral faculties—an exercise which would be not a whit the less stimulating and invigorating if Russia and Turkey and Afghanistan and all the telegrams relating to them were fictions of the editors' brains. We might certainly find that we had gone considerably astray in practice if this proved to be the case; but our wits would none the less have been sharpened by our disputes if on some blessed day we should awake and find that the Eastern question was but a dream. We have, however, in these very faculties, the means of ascertaining but too clearly that it is no dream. We cannot, without an amount of leisure and ability which belongs to very few, draw

the precise line between fact and fiction in the newspapers; but we can by many unfailing, if somewhat rough, tests, learn to distinguish between sense and nonsense, between what is admitted on all hands, and what is put forward for a purpose; between what is essential and what is beside the question. To do this roughly is necessary for the transaction of the most ordinary business; to do it perfectly, one of the highest achievements of the trained intellect. The intense emotional interest of such questions as are now flooding every region of modern life almost forces the use of these logical exercises upon many who in quieter times might have been content with dreams or with practice. If the eagerness of discussion induces us, as it should do, to cross-question ourselves as to our own exact meaning, to look to our definitions, to become more and more precise and cautious in our statements, limiting them more rigidly to what we really know, it is doing us valuable service. How many people, for instance, have of late been driven to ask themselves (in the first place, perhaps, with a view to refuting others) what they really mean by justice, by international morality, by imperial policy, and by many other expressions, upon the true meaning of which half the controversies of the day really turn? If these controversies drive us into any degree of clearness on such questions, they will have served a purpose much more lasting than that of determining our immediate action.

Not only the intellect, but the conscience, may find both food and correction in the process of groping painfully among the perplexities of imperfect information. Some of us, especially I should imagine some women, suffer to a degree which is perhaps unreasonable, though not unnatural, from the sense of ignorance combined with intense interest in the moral issues involved in large public questions. It may serve to quiet and at the same time to encourage those who are thus harassed, to be reminded that the value of our moral verdicts does not wholly depend upon our being rightly or fully informed as to the facts of the case. The legal value of a judgment in a court of law does not depend entirely upon the correctness of the evidence. The award might be reversed if the evidence proved to have been incorrect or imperfect, but any points of law which might have been cleared up by the judgment would, I take it, remain clear after its hypothetical basis had been disproved. And so in controversies involving (as what important

controversy does not involve?) questions of right and wrong, all who take part in them necessarily do something to raise or to lower the tone and spirit in which they are conducted, even without being in full possession of the facts, and without, therefore, being in a position to do strict justice to the actors in the affairs in question. No doubt it is often difficult, when the moral sense is strongly roused, to avoid doing injustice; and, no doubt, it becomes us all, in proportion to our ignorance, to be slow in making, and ready to retract, practical and personal applications of our virtuous sentiments. But it is perfectly possible, while wholly suspending our judgment as to the degree in which a particular kind of praise or blame may have been deserved by particular persons, to arrive at true and useful views of the degree in which a given course of action would merit such praise or blame. To do this rightly is to exercise a really important function. We should be adding nothing to the common stock by ascertaining in all their detail and complexity all the facts already known to the few, but we are adding to the common stock by taking the right side on any practical question. And many such questions arise in which we can truly, though roughly, discern the general drift from the broad and unquestioned outlines presented to us. Strict and detailed justice cannot be awarded by the multitude; but a righteous course will be secured only by the common consent of all. Our facts must be supplied to us by the learned; our logic and our moral choice must be of home growth.

Thus in referring the questions which come before us to first principles, we, the ignorant many, are at once educating ourselves, and taking the best means within our reach of helping the cause of right. And it would almost seem as if there were one useful function belonging to the ignorant as such. It is that of affording a certain indispensable check to the tendency of cultivated minds to run into subtleties, and to attach undue importance to the conclusions at which they have arrived by long and laborious processes. If the ignorant are sufficiently determined to hold fast to their principles and to sit loose to their conclusions, they may, while receiving instruction and correction, also be the means of imparting it. It would perhaps be going too far to say that no theory is worth much which cannot be justified to intelligent ignorance, but it is certain that no theorist could fail to find in the endeavor to do so a useful test of the clearness of

his own views. And we may with much more confidence assert that the moral judgments of the learned will be usefully corrected by the simpler, and perhaps stronger, but at any rate more active, feeling of those to whom the facts may be comparatively new.

Let us try for a moment to trace out the province of right-minded ignorance in regard to a particular question. A painfully apposite instance is before us all in the case of the Afghan war. Ordinary people need not be much ashamed if they have to confess the fact that before the meeting of Parliament they would have been utterly without the materials for an outline of our relations with the ameer since the conclusion of the last war. We may perhaps be forgiven for feeling that it would even now be very difficult to relate them at all fairly from memory. In a long series of more or less complicated transactions there is scarcely one which has not been told on high authority in such different ways as to change its character again and again. What actually passed between the ameer and the successive viceroys, and between the viceroys and the home government, may be so told as to convey several different impressions; and when to what was actually said and done we add what was felt and intended and suggested, these transactions can be infused with coloring matter at discretion. Again, the facts respecting the comparative strength of our present and of various other conceivable frontiers are both doubtful in themselves, and capable of being very variously represented; while the bearing of our relations with Russia and our responsibilities in India, upon our rights and duties towards Afghanistan, is obviously a problem of the utmost difficulty and importance. To attempt to bring out from the mass of disputed and entangled evidence before us on all these points a clear and duly-balanced judgment of the conduct and veracity of those whose policy and statements have been called in question on this occasion, would be for most of us ridiculous presumption. Yet is any intelligent person likely to rise from a moderately careful reading of these debates without having received, and being not only entitled but bound to entertain, and on occasion to express, some strong impressions as to the moral character of the war upon which we have entered? Can we not see for ourselves, without undertaking to verify a single disputed fact, how these different questions hang together? Can we not trace the different degrees of

value attached by different speakers to moral and to material considerations, to personal and to national interests? May we not gather, in spite of all the reticences, and the cross purposes, and the transient exigencies of Parliamentary debate, some just though perhaps vague notion of the different ideals of national greatness and of justice and duty which different leaders would hold up before us? And have we not a right, is it not even our duty, to choose between them accordingly? We may feel quite unable even to guess whether any and what amount of fresh territory would really strengthen our frontier; but each one of us is quite as much bound, and nearly as well qualified, as any statesman to form an opinion as to the comparative value of a scientific frontier and of an unbroken pledge. It seems to me even clear that the habit of public debating, not to say the traditions of official life, tends in some degree to confuse moral with political ideas. How can we otherwise account for the significant fact that all public speakers and writers, on both sides of this question, so far as I can remember without exception, teach us that our duties and our interest lie on the same side? Why else do all those who think we have no just cause for war add that we have none for alarm? Why do all those who recognize a pressing necessity for the rectification of our frontier also think the conduct of the ameer unjustifiable? Why do those who think that India should bear the expense of a war for the defence of India also consider our Indian finances to be prosperous and improving, while those who take a gloomy view of the prospects of our Indian revenue can always see so plainly the imperial character of the war?

The moral significance of certain *rap-prochements* is at least as striking to those who are new to the subject as it can be to veteran partisans; and while it is only becoming in us outsiders to bow to any corrections on matters of fact which may be vouchsafed to us by the initiated, it would be mere weakness to let our feelings be swayed by sympathy with authority. No amount of ignorance can deprive us of the right to exercise our judgment with regard to such facts as we do know or assume to be true. All that we have to do is to distinguish clearly between what we assume and what we know, and to keep our assumptions open to correction. While we do this our praise and blame are not likely to be worthless, even though they may be occasionally and provisionally misplaced.

If we can make our praise worth having

and our blame a restraint, there is indeed reason enough for not shrinking from the stormy atmosphere of discussion, even though we may know that a complete mastery of the questions at issue is beyond our grasp. No man, however full of information or of theories, is really indifferent to the sympathy and approbation of his comparatively ignorant wife or friend. Those whose imperfect knowledge compels them to remain on the defensive and to keep to the modest rôle of inquirers, have for that very reason an immense advantage in debate. By resolutely maintaining a high standard for the quality (both logical and moral) of the explanations offered as the price of our sympathy, we impose a more effectual check than we are often ourselves aware of upon our instructors. It is worth while to consider deliberately the importance of the sifting office of inquirers who are resolute in not being convinced except upon good grounds, because it is just those who are best qualified to exercise it who are most likely to shrink from it. The very gifts of heart and mind, the reasonableness, the logical faculty, and the keen sense of right and wrong, which make people worth convincing, give them also a strong sense of their own ignorance; and for such people the task of grappling with moral questions without complete knowledge is often acutely painful. They are often strongly tempted to retire altogether into serene regions, and to desert the cause of right just because they care so much about it.

Such sensitiveness, however, is clearly a snare, and the plea of ignorance no real exemption from our responsibility in matters of common concern. For, after all, the fact is that in all questions of the day many of the most important elements are only those of our own daily experience "writ large;" and to be ignorant is not necessarily to be either inexperienced or uncultivated. Those who are least burdened with the results of conscious study often possess in a high degree that strange instinct by which the intellectual comparative anatomist seizes upon the backbone of a new subject as unerringly as Professor Owen lays his finger on the rudimentary limbs of a strange beast. Ignorance with a hearty appetite, the full use of its limbs, and an abundant supply of raw material, is not so very badly off even in this well-informed age.

The appeal from special knowledge to universal experience is not in these days in much danger of being disallowed. But the sense either of ignorance or of power may

hinder us from using our scanty materials intelligently and under a due sense of responsibility. The great thing is to fix rightly the scale upon which we can hope to construct a tolerably complete chart of any subject which comes before us. A pocket atlas may be as correct in its proportions as an ordnance survey of an inch to the quarter of a mile; but the proportion may be as easily destroyed by enlarging one part as by diminishing another. Carelessness about details is not necessarily the result of blind presumption. It may be part of a wise economy of mental space. An over-crowded mind is as bad a thing as an empty one, and less remediable. The worst fate is to become a mere dust-bin for the accumulation of chance scraps, without choice, without arrangement, and without vent. For what we want to know is not what are the exact details, but what are the true bearings, and the comparative weight, of the different considerations by which action must be determined. Without some principle of arrangement, details are as oppressive as they are worthless.

If the ignorant have an important part to perform with regard to public affairs, we may with still better reason "magnify our office" with regard to the moral and religious questions which so deeply agitate the whole mental atmosphere of our times. In these questions individual experience furnishes not only important analogies, but a large part of the very subject-matter in debate; and however difficult may be the art of rightly interpreting it, the unlearned have as large a share as any one else in "creating history." We allow ourselves to be too much troubled by the speculations of others upon subjects wholly beyond our grasp (if not beyond theirs), and we are not half careful enough to keep our own path straight, or our own windows clear. Upon these awful subjects light is to be found less through answering questions than through "obeying the truth" we do know.

The ignorant, however, like their betters, are of necessity treading a perilous and perplexing path, leading them across misty morasses of imperfect information, and no aid within their reach is to be despised. If first principles may be compared to the stars, by which (when we can see them) our course must be guided, there are other helps which, though less permanent and less infallible, are in foggy weather more available. These are the stepping-stones laid down for us by the judgment of others, and the compass which

may be provided by the diligent study of some subject which is limited enough for our grasp. There is no better way of testing the trustworthiness of our guides than to take their opinion on some subject which we really do understand, and no better chance of increasing our store than to possess ourselves of a good solid nucleus of truth round which other truths may group themselves. If we bestowed more pains upon correcting the bearings and strengthening the foundations of our central framework, and less upon extending the circumference of our information, the sense of our ignorance might become less oppressive, and its effects would at any rate be less disabling. What most of us need is not so much to acquire more knowledge, as to acquire a more complete mastery of the knowledge we have, and at the same time to practise a more unflinching obedience to it. C. E. S.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL STATUS OF THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

THERE is one unpleasantness, to us at least, in reading about Australian savages. They have been very carefully observed by very intelligent men, almost as carefully observed as the children of a household, and those men always seem to us to come to two conclusions: first, that the savages are men; and secondly, that the power of accumulation, the power which more than any other differentiates men from animals, is in them exceeding low, or rather, positively limited. The power exists, that is demonstrable, but its exercise involves, with some tribes, such fatigue that they will not employ it unless driven by sharp and continuous necessity, and not always even then. They consequently remain, and will remain always, not animals, but little children, never advancing, and never capable of cumulative advance, but living on unchanged till the conditions around them become too much for their limited powers, and then dying sadly out. It is not a pleasant thought, by any means,—though no more inconsistent with the Providential scheme than the existence of congenital idiotcy or hereditary insanity,—because it suggests that in each race there may be an inherent line beyond which it will not pass, and that no race, therefore, is certainly capable of indefinite advance, but it will obtrude itself sometimes. We have a huge book before us,

for example, a present from the government of Victoria, in which Mr. Brough Smyth, a gentleman employed for sixteen years in the Department for the Protection of the Aborigines, gives to the world much of what he has collected about the aborigines of Victoria. He had intended to give all he had accumulated, but was prevented by "circumstances," for which, unless they were very unpleasant to him, we are heartily grateful. God knows what his book would have grown to, if his design had been perfected. It is extremely valuable, however, and interesting, in spite of its gigantic scale; and it is impossible to read the chapters we have read — those bearing on the mental status of the aborigines — without the thought we have described. The aborigines of Victoria, who, it seems certain, were all originally alike, and who all speak dialects of one tongue, seem stricken with perpetual childhood. They have all the capacities of other races, physical and mental, except the capacity of advance; they produce as many children to the family, — a statement often denied; Count Stzrelecki's often-quoted account of the sterility of their women, after bearing children to white men, is a fable; and the popular notion of their low vitality is a delusion, they recovering from severe wounds with singular ease and rapidity. Their young shift for themselves very early, as "early as the kangaroo," showing great quickness and readiness in hunting up food for themselves; and they are quite as active as Europeans, though not so enduring or so strong. They have good memories, but it is in the way children have, — memories, for instance, for words, and for stories, and for the customs of the house, but not for anything requiring separate and original mental exertion, nor, it may be suspected, for things that are long past. They learn English, for example, very readily, and sometimes very perfectly, just as children in India will learn two or three languages apparently without any mental effort, and certainly without any draft upon the intelligence, which remains as undeveloped in the trilingual child — such, for example, as the well-to-do child in Pondicherry often is, and the English children in Calcutta always are — as in the monolingual one. They know great numbers of myths, wild and rather grotesque stories about the origin of things, and the flood, and the feats of the *bunyips*, or evil spirits, just as children know fairy-stories, but are without any system of theology. And they remember and obey customs which they cannot explain, which impose

on them disagreeable restrictions, and which sometimes require great efforts of memory, just as children will act upon mamma's rules, and recollect long strings of things forbidden, apparently without using their minds at all. Mr. Brough Smyth gives one example of this, which is to us new and strangely suggestive, a custom that seems to have tumbled out of another world, or to have descended from another civilization. The aborigines of Victoria will eat the most loathsome things — tree-worms, slugs, snakes, and so on — and it was at first believed that they would eat anything. It was, however, discovered that not only were certain articles of food forbidden to the young, the object being to reserve them to the old, who govern the tribes, and who cannot hunt vigorously, but that they had a classification in their minds binding animate and inanimate things together, in some inexplicable tribal connection. They hold, as it were, that hares and Campbells have a relation, and Frasers and wombats, so that any Fraser may eat any hare, but no Campbell may; while a Campbell may dine off a wombat, while a Fraser may not. The statement is so strange, that we give it in the original: —

The statements made in his letter to me by Mr. Bridgman, of Queensland, and the peculiar arrangement under one and the same division, as ascertained by Mr. Stewart, of Mount Gambier, of things animate and inanimate, show that much is yet to be learned respecting the principles which guide the natives in placing in classes all that comes within their knowledge. The two classes of the tribes near Mackay in Queensland are *Youngaroo* and *Wootaroo*, and these are again subdivided, and marriages are regulated in accordance therewith. But the blacks say alligators are *Youngaroo* and kangaroos are *Wootaroo*, and that the sun is *Youngaroo* and the moon is *Wootaroo*. Strange to say, this, or something as nearly like this as possible, is found at Mount Gambier. There the pelican, the dog, the blackwood-tree, and fire and frost are *Boort-parangal*, and belong to the division *Kumite-gor* (*gor* = female); and tea-tree scrub, the duck, the wallaby, the owl, and the crayfish are *Boort-werio*, and belong to the division *Krokee*. A *Kumite* may marry any *Krokee-gor*, and a *Krokee* may marry a *Kumite-gor*. And Mr. Stewart says a man will not, unless under severe pressure, kill or use as food any of the animals of the division in which he is placed. A *Kumite* is deeply grieved when hunger compels him to eat anything that bears his name, but he may satisfy his hunger with anything that is *Krokee*. These divisions and subdivisions have an important influence in all arrangements between natives, not only as



regards marriage, but also in revenging injuries, in imputing witchcraft, and in the fights that so constantly occur.

We presume, without dogmatizing, that the aborigine, in his anxiety to avoid family intermarriage, an anxiety found in many savage races, and in him most intense, was slowly building up a caste system, and made it easier to recollect the rules, and more difficult to practise deceit by enforcing food regulations; but the extension of the system to all nature is, so far as we know, unique. Is it undeveloped tribal worship, or what, which makes a clan claim the sun, while discarding the moon? Yet the same people who recollect all these things recollect no traditions, and betray a sense of physical oppression under education which occasionally kills them. They die or run back to the woods, obviously to get rid of the burden. They have an art like that of children, making pictures of natural objects in the caves and on rocks, pictures of the rudest kind, but always recognizable, and they ornament both weapons and canoes, but have arrived at no idea of writing, though — and this is, we think, the only unchildlike thing we have found about them, the only practice suggesting indefinite possibilities of advance — they have arrived at a means of sending messages intelligible to others than those for whom the message was intended. Tribes are often summoned by message. These messages were sent by notches on sticks, and are assumed by many who have seen them to be of the rudest kind, but it is possible, though not proved, that this is an assumption, and that some natives, probably very few, can carve something like a letter. At least, if it is not so, Mr. John Moore Davis, whom the author quotes as trustworthy, has drawn very largely on his imagination: —

The late Mr. John Moore Davis stated in a letter to me, in 1874, that when on a visit to Benalla he became acquainted with the fact that the aborigines have the means of communicating with each other at a distance, and that peculiarly-formed notches on a stick convey their ideas in a manner similar to the knots on a cord used in the days of old by the Mexicans. He adds that a friend of his, having decided on forming a new station, started from the Edward River with a lot of cattle, having with him several blacks. When the settler was about to return home, one of the young natives asked him if he would carry a letter to his — the black's — father, and on expressing his willingness to do so, the young man gave him a piece of stick, about one foot in length, which was covered with notches

and lines. On reaching home, the settler went to the black's camp, and delivered the letter to the father, who thereon called together all the blacks who were living with him, and to the settler's great surprise, read off from the stick a diary of the proceedings of the party day by day, from their departure from the Edward River till their arrival at the new station, describing accurately the country through which they had travelled and the places where they had camped each night.

Before Europeans landed, the aborigines had discovered fire and the use of cooking, but had never learned how to boil, or constructed the simplest instrument of pottery, or indeed anything to hold water, except hollowed wood. Their contrivance for creating fire — the rapid twirling of a stick in some dry wood — was probably discovered by accident; but fire once made, they guarded it very jealously, the torch, as we may call it, being carried by women in all their marches. Like children, they refer always to the old for guidance, yet without creating any form of government; and like some children, they are a prey to endless unreal terrors and spasms of cruel excitement. They are always dreading something done against them somewhere by sorcerers, and go sometimes so nearly mad with grief, that in a sort of hysteria they begin fighting and kill one another. They have arrived, like children, at the notion of property in anything due to an exertion — as, for example, in the game they have struck — and they make partnerships for sharing game; but though they have tribal districts, they have no notion of property in land. Suicide is as unknown among them as among children. They have not, in fact, discovered the inevitability of death, and do not, Mr. Smyth affirms, believe that death occurs naturally at all. Its sole origin is witchcraft, the aborigines not conceiving of any reason why the machine should stop of itself; and some of their weird ceremonials suggest a permanent doubt whether, even after witchcraft has done its work, the men really are dead: —

Sometimes a long speech is delivered over the grave by some man of consideration in the tribe. Mr. Bridgman, of Mackay, in Queensland, states in a letter to me that on one occasion he heard a funeral oration delivered over the grave of a man who had been a great warrior which lasted more than an hour. The corpse was borne on the shoulders of two men, who stood at the edge of the grave. During the discourse he observed that the orator spoke to the deceased as if he were still living and could hear his words. Burial in the district in which Mr. Bridgman lives is

only a formal ceremony, and not an absolute disposal of the remains. After lying in the ground for three months or more, the body is disinterred, the bones are cleaned, and packed in a roll of pliable bark, the outside of which is painted and ornamented with strings of beads and the like. This, which is called *ngobera*, is kept in the camp with the living. If a stranger who has known the deceased comes to the camp, the *ngobera* is brought out towards evening, and he and some of the near relations of the dead person sit down by it, and wail and cut themselves for half an hour. Then it is handed to the stranger, who takes it with him and sleeps by the side of it, returning it in the morning to its proper custodian. Women and children who die, Mr. Bridgman says, are usually burnt.

It may be, as they believe in ghosts, and in some sort of future life in the stars, that they think the spirit lingers on earth as long as its earthly temple survives, as Egyptians thought; but they either will not, or cannot, communicate their half-formed ideas on these subjects with sufficient definiteness.

These strange people, who seem to have reached their limit early, just as the Chinese reached it late, are perishing so fast that they will speedily be only a memory. Small-pox and other diseases kill out the wilder tribes, and those "black fellows" who come among the whites seem unable to withstand the influence of their own sense of incompetence, which often produces a deep melancholy unknown among the larger-brained and more cheerful negroes. There are, Mr. Smyth thinks, not above forty-five hundred left in all Victoria, and they are rapidly dying out, a sad specimen of a people perishing without a use in the world. They have no past and no present, and no future; have apparently done nothing for mankind. They came, and they are, and they will go, just as might be said of all humanity, if the materialist's theory were proved beyond all question. How long they have been there is utterly unknown, and cannot even be guessed. It must have been ages upon ages, for

On the coast of Victoria there appear in various parts, what at first sight one would suppose to be raised beaches, and if only a slight examination be made of these, their true character is not discovered. But instead of lying in regular and connected layers, they occur in heaps, beyond high-water mark, and they are always opposite to rocks laid bare at low water. Moreover, they are found to consist mainly of one kind of shell — namely, the muscle (*Mytilus Dunkeri*), with a small proportion of the mutton-fish (*Haliotis nigrosa*),

the limpet (*Pattella tramoserica*), the periwinkle (*Lunella undulata*), and the cockle (*Cardium tenuicostatum*). These accumulations resemble in many respects the *kjök-ken-möddings* of Denmark. With the shells are stones bearing distinctly the appearance of having been subjected to the action of fire, and there are also numerous pieces of charcoal imbedded in the mounds. They are visible all along the coast where it is low, but never in any other position than that described; and when opened up, are seen to be formed of heaps not regularly superimposed one on the other. Those that have been frequented most recently exhibit clearly the mode of accumulation, and one can trace the old heaps upwards to the last, which is generally found on the highest part of the mound. The area covered by some of the largest of the mounds exceeds an acre in extent; and the shape of the heaps of shells composing them, which are separated by layers of sand, indicates their origin. The enormous period of time during which the natives have assembled on the shores to gather and cook the shellfish accounts for the great number and extent of the mounds.

And yet it is extremely improbable that they are true aborigines, for all the evidence points to an immigration: —

It is proper to call attention to the fact that no works of art have been found in the recent drifts of Victoria, and these drifts have been largely and widely explored by gold-miners. Was Australia unpeopled during the ages that preceded the formation of the gravels that form low terraces in every valley, and the beds of soft volcanic ash that yet cover grass-grown surfaces? If peopled, why do we not find some evidence — a broken stone tomahawk or a stone spear-head — in some of the most recent accumulations? Their stone implements are not found in caves or in the mud of lagoons with the bones of the gigantic marsupials, or any of the now extinct predaceous that have their living representatives in the island of Tasmania. The bones of the Tasmanian devil (*Sarcophilus ursinus*), the great kangaroo (*Macropus Titan*), the *Thylacoleo*, the *Nototherium*, and the *Diprotodon*, and those of a reptile (*Megalania prisca*) allied to the lace-lizards of Australia, are found abundantly in mud flats in various parts of Australia; but nothing has been discovered to show that the continent was inhabited by man when these now well-preserved relics were clothed with flesh, and the animals were feeding on the plains and in the streams, which were as well fitted then as now, as shown by the fruits and seeds that have been discovered, to afford the means of support to a savage people. What was the condition of Australia when the flint-implement makers of the drift period were living? Probably an unpeopled tract, where the then nearly extinct volcanoes shed at times over the landscape a feeble light, and the lion gnawing

the bones of a kangaroo was watched with jackal-like eyes by the native dog, ready to eat up such scraps as his powerful enemy might leave when his hunger was appeased. It is almost certain that during the period of the large carnivorous marsupials, man was not there to contest with the lion the right to the proceeds of the chase.

From The Spectator.

#### THE RUIN OF SZEGEDIN.

THERE is a certain apathy in the English mind about catastrophes caused by floods which it is very curious to notice. They excite less interest and less attention than any other kind of great calamity. So incuriously are they watched, that people forget how often they occur in some parts of the world, and do not realize to themselves in the least that though far less dramatic, they are often more destructive than earthquakes. The great floods which often ravage parts of Louisiana are less noticed than the most ordinary incidents in America, though a city like New Orleans, almost made by English capital, only lives by favor of its dykes; and though there is no lack of the *sacer vates*; Swiss floods are dismissed in a paragraph; and even the French floods, which threaten whole districts and great towns, raise no serious discussion. The flood of 1875 which so nearly destroyed Thoulouse, though minutely described at the time, is totally forgotten, and even the flood of Deccan-Shabazzpore, which, in 1876, swept away half a million of British subjects, is a vague historic recollection. That was far and away the greatest catastrophe of our time, as regards the destruction of life and property; was perfectly described by a most competent authority, Sir Richard Temple, and was attended by circumstances so unique as should have stamped it into the minds of the whole people. Never before in the history of our race was there such an incident, — a British county, inhabited by nearly six hundred thousand souls, depopulated in a night by the rush of a stormwave, the few survivors, some thousands, owing their lives to being flung upon the thorns of the spiky trees abounding in the district. Yet the catastrophe was forgotten in a month; it was not introduced into the Indian paragraph of the queen's speech, and we venture to say that most of our readers will recall the event, which was minutely described in our own columns, with a sensation of surprise that its occurrence should have so nearly es-

caped them. The destruction of the Hungarian city, Szegedin, which has been going on for nearly a week, is in many ways an almost unparalleled catastrophe. We cannot recall the destruction of a European city by water before. The destruction of house property is probably as great as in the earthquake of Lisbon, and though the loss of life is much smaller — probably not a fourth — it has still been very great. The officials make as light of it as they can, but the best observers place the loss at four thousand, while the expulsion and ruin of a population as great as that of Norwich, thousands of whom passed forty-eight hours in a marsh flooded with ice-cold water, without food, or firing, or shelter, represents a frightful aggregate of human misery. The destruction, too, was so complete. A city of seventy thousand people is, on the Continent, a first-class city; and Szegedin was a prosperous place, full of large warehouses, with a great trade in wool, and corn, and timber, and inhabited by a people so well off that they often refuse aid, and that an English reporter, observing them, declares that their prosperity has developed in them an almost American self-reliance. All Hungary has felt the shock, and the Hungarian Parliament seemed for a few hours as if it would become uncontrollable with grief and rage, — grief for the people, and rage at a certain want of foresight which the majority thought they perceived in the official arrangements. The total destruction of such a city is almost unique, or quite unique, in European annals; yet the interest felt in the occurrence here has been somewhat languid, and the subscriptions in aid, though liberal as far as individuals are concerned, have not risen to the dimensions which in England indicate that public feeling has been stirred. They do not approach the subscriptions for the survivors of the "Princess Alice." There has been nothing to check the flow of feeling. Hungary has been always popular in England; the people of Szegedin have behaved with great patience and courage — the cases of incendiarism being, we imagine, the result of efforts to save the insurances, which were not granted against water, but against fire — and the place, though little known here, was civilized enough to be within the range of Western sympathy. Nevertheless, that sympathy has been comparatively tame. We presume the reason is that the English people, nearly exempt as they are from serious floods — a few inches of water "out" on the meadows is a "flood" here — do

not realize what a flood is, or what fifteen feet of water in a city of sun-baked bricks on a marshy foundation actually means. They would understand an earthquake, but the slow collapse of a city in the water, the quick saturation of the soil, the yielding of the foundations, and then the toppling down, hour by hour, of houses, usually in patches at a time, according to the condition of the soil or previously unnoticed differences of level, does not come clearly home to their imaginations. They do not feel that a flood like this accumulates on its victims' heads the suffering caused by an epidemic, the horror of whole families perishing at once, and the suffering caused by a grand financial catastrophe. Thousands must have been made childless and pauperized by one and the same blow. It requires effort to think out processes men have not seen — though one day they may see something like it on the banks of the Thames — and they do not make the effort. There is not, that we know of, anywhere in England a place quite under the conditions of Szegedin, planted in a marsh, with a river the bed of which has been raised like the bed of the Po, in parts of its course, by continuous embanking, till its floor is distinctly above the plain, and safety depends entirely on the solidity of the dykes. The explanation does not quite satisfy us, for there are close analogies between a flood and a shipwreck, and in shipwrecks the English interest is of the keenest character; but it is the only one in which we can see any probability.

It is believed that Szegedin will be rebuilt in the same place, with stronger dykes; and if so, the population will flow back, and then go on increasing as before. The site chose itself, as it were, and, like all self-chosen sites, will not be deserted. The junction of the Theiss and the Maros in a country like Hungary, where water-carriage is everything, the vast spaces rendering all other carriage too dear, is too convenient a spot to be abandoned, and all experience proves that no fear of cataclysms recurrent at uncertain intervals will deter ordinary folk from the pursuit of a livelihood. The yellow fever does not empty New Orleans. No one quits the mainland of the Orkneys because it was once swept by a storm-wave, and might be again. The wave-swept island of Deccan-Shabazpore will be filled up. The people have gathered like ants for ages at the foot of Vesuvius, and if Pompeii were destroyed once more would gather again, rather than surrender the warm slopes where the olive flourishes so well, back to

nature and the desert. The slowness of mankind to quit homes where they can live pleasantly in the intervals of disaster is incurable, and the people of the new Szegedin will sleep without minding the Theiss, and without watching the dykes which protect them much more carefully than of old. Villages built at the foot of reservoirs do not empty for fear of the flood, nor are Swiss villages deserted in positions where the avalanche must come some day. The mass of mankind look forward very little, and seem quite incapable of imagining that the habitual rule of the nature around them will ever be broken; that the earthquake which has not occurred for centuries will happen in their time, or that the dyke which has been safe for a year may any day give passage to the waters. They think, if they think at all, that they will be forewarned, and leave cataclysms, as they leave sudden death, out of their calculations. And we do not know that they are wrong. A flood which sweeps away a city seems an awful thing to the on-looker who thinks of thousands at once, but it is to the single sufferer only equivalent to a fire, which may happen to any individual. He might be drowned without a flood. Insurance will guard the property, care will guard the dykes, and the chance of a violent death to a dweller in Szegedin marsh is probably not arithmetically greater by any perceptible fraction than the chance to a dweller anywhere else. His prospect of drowning must be a minute fraction, compared with the prospect of any captain of a coasting collier, and the wharfingers have no difficulty in finding captains for their rotten hulls. No fear of fire deeply alarms a great city, though most great cities would burn, and a great fire would be by many degrees worse than a great flood. The great fire of London made a deep impression on Charles II.'s generation, but the impression was not one of fear of great fires, which were risked just as much after the calamity as before, and no more provided against than the recurrence of the great storm of a century ago, which shook the minds of that generation more than any calamity is ever known to have done. The human mind, in truth, accepts these great cataclysmal dangers as part of the order of things, and by a beneficial instinct refuses to consider them, or to waste energy in an insurance which may be all in vain. An inhabitant of Szegedin may be drowned, and so may any other person, and the fact that if he is drowned Szegedin will be drowned too, does not increase to his

mind either the proximity or the magnitude of his risk. One Szegediner has but one life, and so Szegedin, what with subscriptions, and grants, and drafts on the inhabitants' hoards—for their farmhouses are outside the flood—will be rebuilt, probably to be destroyed again, for the inhabitants are not rich enough to rebuild on piles, or we fear, to cut the mighty reservoirs and build the lined canals which would enable them on a stormy night like that of the 12th inst. to carry off the overplus of the waters. Strengthening the dykes is no final precaution, for when that is done, the bed of the river always rises, and the floods become even more dangerous and severe. Nothing but new channels for the water is of any use, and the expense of building them in a marshy delta, without a stone in it, to the needful height, would probably be too great even for the wealthy municipality which Szegedin, if it were made tolerably safe, ought to become. Even France has not regulated her rivers yet, though Napoleon said it "concerned his honor that rivers, like revolutions, should keep within their banks,"—and Hungary is to France as Shadwell to Belgravia. Money granted, the Austrian engineers or Sir John Hawkshaw would soon render Szegedin fairly safe; but the State is poor just now, and a city just swept away is in no condition to mortgage its future industry. The old expedient of raising the dykes will, we imagine, be continued, and some day a new finance minister will be scolded as M. Szapary has been, not for not cutting channels for the overplus of water, but for not providing boats to carry away the people. The want of boats, not the condition of the hull, is always the first popular complaint, when a ship gets water-logged.

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From The Gardener's Magazine.  
TOPIARY GARDENING.

THE yew-tree candlesticks and box-tree cups and saucers, and the larger work in the way of trees fancifully shaped by knives and shears, have been extremely useful to the traders in cheap indignation, for to rail against them is easy work, and may sometimes give a show of wisdom to people who are exceptionally shallow. Having enunciated an article of faith of my own to the effect that *the most beautiful form for any tree is its own natural form*, it will scarcely be expected of me to defend the taste that finds delight in what the modern

critics call "mutilation," but which with more propriety is called "topiary" work, from the Latin *topiarius*, shaped by cutting, the word being used in this sense by Pliny, Vitruvius, and Cicero. But if I do not defend the taste through thick and thin, I am prepared to admit that much may be said in its favor, and it is far from my intention to denounce it as either extravagant or foolish. It may be true, as I believe it is, that the natural form of a tree is the most beautiful possible for that particular tree, but it may happen that we do not always want the most beautiful form, but one of our own designing, and expressive of our ingenuity. So far as authority bears upon the subject, it is all in favor of topiary, for the Romans recognized the cutting of trees into architectural forms as an integral and essential part of the art of horticulture. We have Shakespeare quoted as an authority for anything and everything, and especially in defence of "the natural" in gardening. But the garden of Shakespeare's time was more or less a topiary garden; in fact the real "old English garden," whence we are supposed by a certain few narrow enthusiasts to derive all the flowers that are worth growing, and not a single weed that we might with advantage discard, this old-fashioned garden was enclosed with hedges of clipped hornbeam, and embellished with arbors, obelisks, pyramids, and spires of clipped yew. The "curious knotted garden" mentioned in the letter of Armado in the first scene of "Love's Labor Lost" was beyond all doubt liberally furnished with examples of topiary, and if reference be made to Knight's "Pictorial Shakespeare" (Comedies I., 86), it will be seen that in presenting a figure of the garden, the artist was constrained by his own sense of propriety to adorn the centre of it with a four-sided canopy of yew. Shakespeare was familiar with such gardens, and approved of the prevailing taste of his time. Lord Bacon, who was in advance of Shakespeare, both in time and critical acumen, saw far beyond the puerilities of the knotted garden, for in his famous essay he says, "the making of Knots or Figures, with Divers Colored Earths," etc., "they be but Topes; you may see as good Sights, many times, in Tarts." And in reference to the higher branch of topiary he says, "I, for my part, doe not like Images cut out in Juniper, or other Garden stuffe; They be for Children." But he approves of arched alleys and "pretty Pyramides," and "Broad Plates of Round Colored Glasses, gilt, for the Sunne to Play upon," as well



as statues and "Things of Lustre," which not a few of the present day regard as toys for children, and in so doing thrust Bacon out of court as an arbiter of taste. I confess that I should never care to adorn my garden with topiary or with carpet bedding; but I hope always to be cautious in making declarations in respect of such matters, that I may not appear to despise another man's pleasures, or vainly desire to set up a standard of my own in opposition to the delightful variety that is ensured by the free exercise of individual taste and fancy. Let us grant that these things are for children, and what then? they are not thereby abolished. In my opinion they have acquired special importance, for to please children may be a proper employment at times for a philosopher; and if children's pleasures are to be excluded from gardens, then I am prepared to say that gardens are altogether objectionable. That there are men and women with childish tastes must also be admitted, and I propose that we please them as well as the real children.

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From The Fishing Gazette.  
THE HADDOCK.

THE haddock, as food for the million, is now beginning to take its place, and is, or shortly will be, the principal and one of the most valuable of the many blessings we have provided for the use of these overpopulated islands in the North Sea. Yet it is not long—not twenty-five years ago—since haddock were thought comparatively worthless, and the then trawlers were in the habit of throwing them overboard as of no value at all except the last haul, which could be brought to the market alive. Even the haddock of ten years ago was a very different fish from the present one. When the trawlers began to fish on the south-east part of the Doggerbank which seemed to be the favorite place for haddock, and from which an immense quantity is brought with no apparent diminution of the supply—rather the reverse—the fish were at first of a soft, lank description, with a peculiar weedy and objectionable taste, owing to the great amount of "scrub," seaweed, etc., among which the fish dwelt, and on which they undoubtedly fed to some extent. Gradually this scrub has been cleared away by the trawler fishers, who at first got more

scrub than fish, much to their annoyance, until now the ground is pretty clear, and the bottom of the sea, to a great extent, turned up with the continual raking, so that the haddocks are able to feed more on the smaller shellfish, which produces a firmer, finer fish. Not only have the trawlers improved the quality of the haddocks by removing the scrub, but much has been done to feed them by the throwing overboard of enormous quantities of offal, immature and small fish, which the haddock, who is a very good scavenger, greedily consumes. Haddocks are caught all over the North Sea, but the larger catches are got on the south-east part of the Doggerbank in deep water, and being a lively fish a brisk wind is most favorable.

When the trawler goes haddocking, she makes a voyage of from ten to twenty days, and will take out with her five or six tons of block ice. At this time of the year, when she arrives on the ground she will shoot her gear in the evening at dusk, and commence to get in between four and five the next morning, an operation lasting from two to six hours according to circumstances; but when the bag is in sight, the net approaching the top of the water—haddock being very buoyant—there is generally no lack of excitement, and all labor is well compensated for by a good take, and to see the pretty creatures as they lie on the deck is a sight worth being seasick for. When the net is emptied, which often has to be done by cutting a hole in it, the next operation is to clean: each hand gets a knife and opens the fish, carefully cleaning and taking out the livers, which are perquisites and much valued by the crew. After that the fish is well washed on deck, and then packed in pounds in the fishroom, a layer of ice and then a layer of fish; this process is continued until the last haul, which is generally put below without cleaning, and sold as sound fish.

The cleaned fish when landed are all sold to the curers and converted into smoked haddocks, either at the landing-place or despatched to inland smokers—a practice which is becoming more common, as the fish when smoked are better when taken out of the smoke-house to the table. Packing in barrels has a tendency to deteriorate the fish, and if long packed they are liable to sweat, which spoils the flavor—and who does not like a good smoked haddock?